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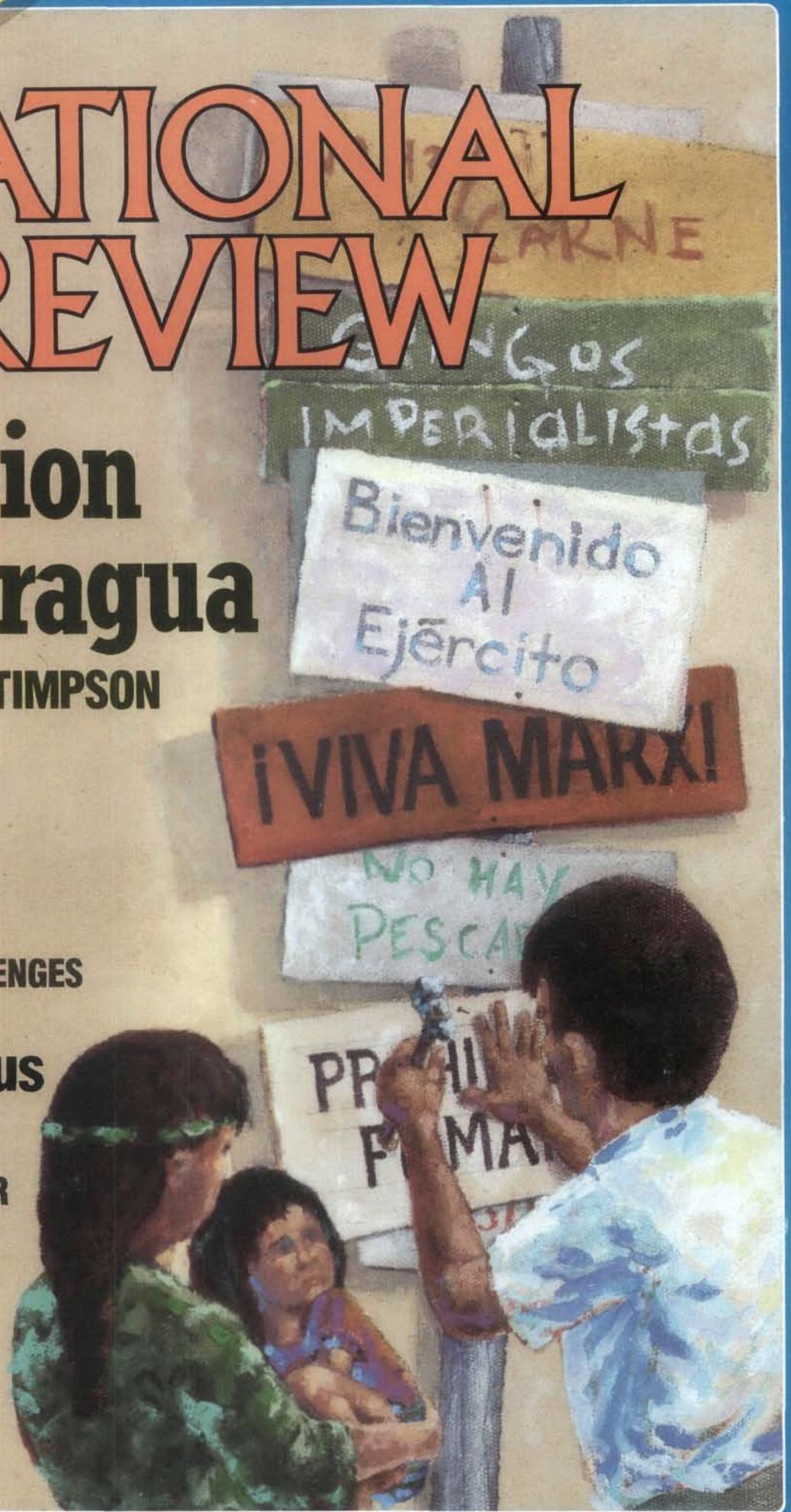

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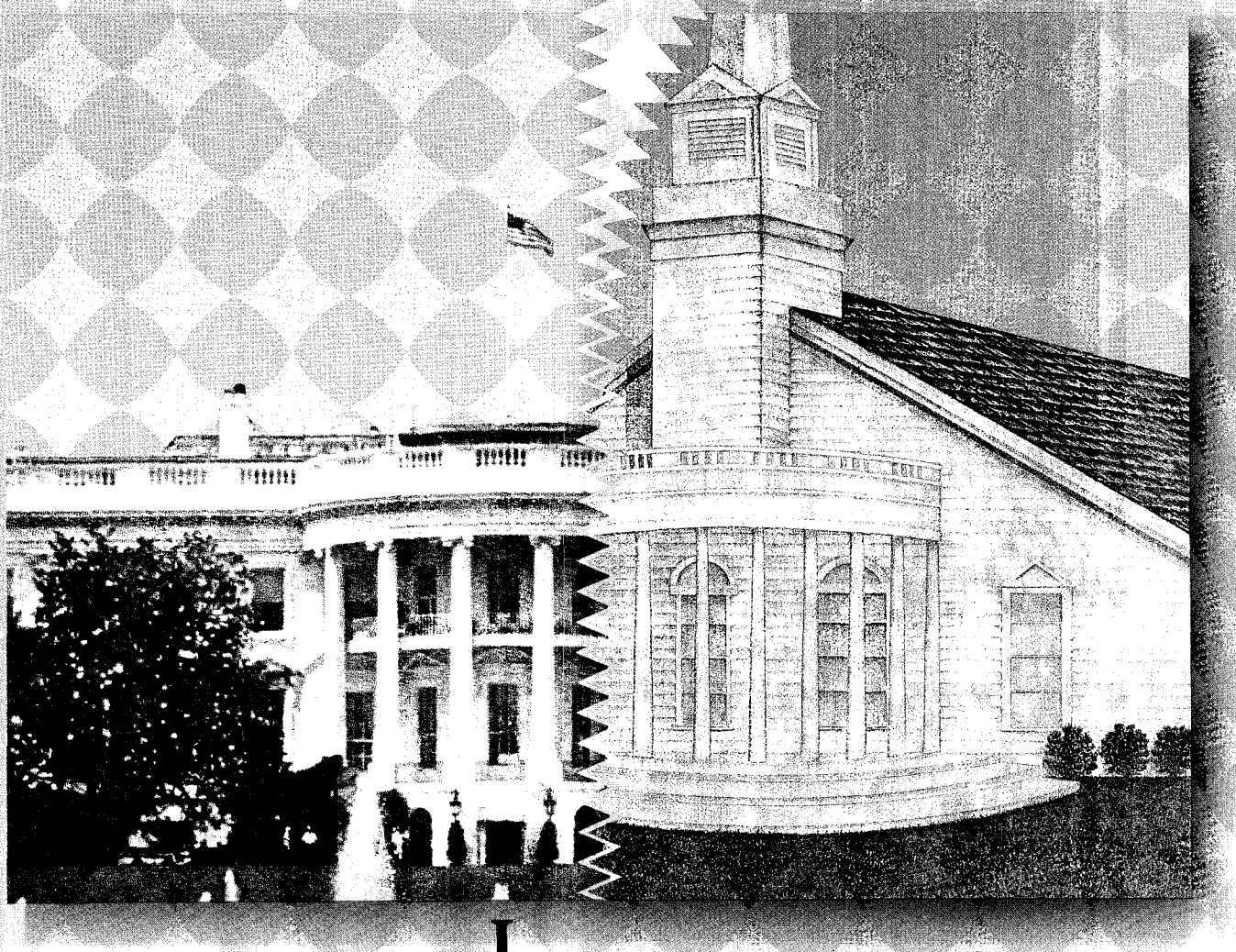

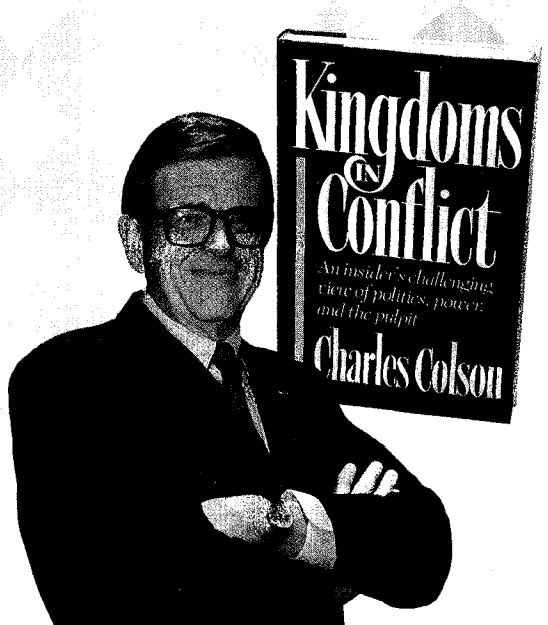

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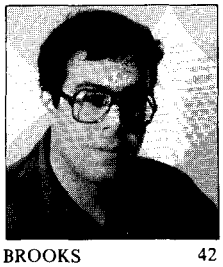
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LETTERS

False Sense of Insecurity

As a daily rider of the New York subways for eight years, I must admit to my fear upon entering the platform any time after rush hour. And although my route is confined to midtown on the Lexington Avenue local, whenever I see a group of young, delinquent-looking characters strutting through the cars, my heartbeat dramatically increases and my eyes wander for help. I picture Bernie Goetz's predators saying, ever so innocently threatening, "Gimme five dollars."

After reading Charles Murray's "Crime in America" [June 10], I became aware of what creates my paranoia. It is not experience, as in the case of Bernie Goetz, but rather the slovenly behavior of the panhandlers, drunks, and homeless people. I fear that the disrespect they show to themselves will carry over to how they treat me, although I have never witnessed or been a victim of a crime. Mr. Murray's perspective, however, in no way moves us closer to a solution.

Randolf Gordon
New York, N.Y.

Hysterical Redress

In sad contrast to NATIONAL REVIEW's standards, your brief endorsement of monetary redress for Japanese-Americans relocated during World War II contained a plethora of misstatements and non-sequiturs ["The Week," May 27]. In fact, "guilt-trip racial politics," or sweet-and-sour pork barrel, precisely describes this legislation.

To note just your most egregious errors: One-third of the 112,000 persons (not "120,000 citizens") relocated were resident aliens. The relocation centers were not prisons: they resembled small towns, with schools, churches, paying jobs, and social clubs. Liberal leave policies enabled thousands (including my parents and relatives) to take jobs or attend colleges outside the centers. How is one to appraise this temporary uprooting, in light of the general upheaval of World War II? Moreover, a 1948 law offered compensation for property lost as a result of the relocation.

The greatest problem with the redress bill is not its $1.3-billion cost, but rather its establishment of a "public education fund," which would finance, among other projects, "comparative studies of similar civil-liberties abuses." The bill permits *any* Japanese-American individual or community group (not just those relocated) to receive funding, for virtually any purpose, from this Ministry of Contrition.

To quote Lincoln: "The Constitution is not in its application in all respects the same, in cases of rebellion or invasion, involving the public safety, as it is in times of profound peace and public security." Contrary to your intentions, the redress bill will not make us wiser about our political principles or stronger in our defense of them.

Ken Masugi
Washington, D.C.

It's Not Just Pundits

Don Hodel ["Attack of the Killer Pundits," May 27] makes the appealing point that Republicans should continue the conservative policies that brought the Reagan victories. His second recommendation is that Republican free-marketeers, social conservatives, and foreign-policy activists remain united. The article is mildly upbeat. The cover illustration, showing a Saigon-like evacuation of conservatives from Washington, D.C., is more accurate.

The Republican Party has to recognize its fundamental weaknesses if it is to avoid a Whig-like decline into permanent impotency. To begin with, presidential leadership must reach a high level of seriousness and intellectual gravity, illustrated so well by Margaret Thatcher in Great Britain. The embarrassments of Reagan have reached the point where they compromise the ability of the Republican Party to attract new recruits.

Second, conservatism in the United States faces challenges different from those faced by its counterparts in Europe. We are, difficult as it is for some of my colleagues in the Republican Party still to grasp, a multi-religious, -ethnic, and -racial society. The party leadership must follow the Jack Kemp lead, and reach out more than rhetorically to minorities. The party, for example, cannot continue to get less than 10 per cent of the black vote if it is to prosper spiritually and pragmatically.

Third, the conflicts within the Republican Party are worse than those within the Democratic Party. The leadership of the latter is divided between the Left

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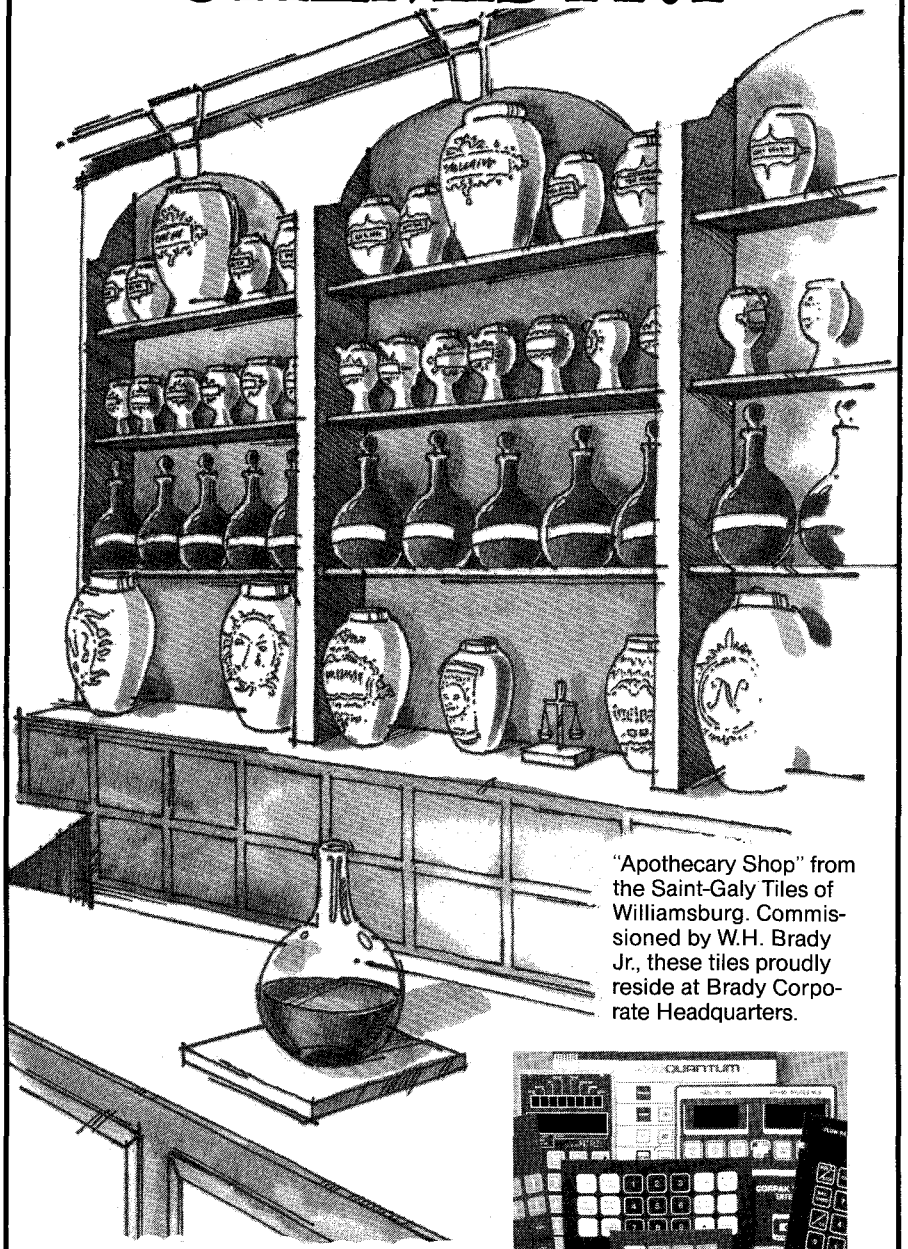

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and the Far Left. The Democratic leaders simply disagree about the pace of governmental intervention in the economy. Republican free-marketeers, however, are libertarians who tend to differ fundamentally from social conservatives on the role of government, particularly in the area of personal and sexual behavior.

Nicholas Wolfson
Professor of Law
University of Connecticut
Hartford, Conn.

Is Day Care Good?

I am consistently entertained by NATIONAL REVIEW, and the article by Connaught Marshner ["Socialized Motherhood: As Easy as ABC," May 13] was no exception. However, as one of the scientists responsible for the High/Scope study in Ypsilanti, Michigan, which she cites, I am disappointed by her hasty dismissal of its applicability to the Act for Better Child Care. This study found that a high-quality program for young children living in poverty helped them avoid school failure and dropout, delinquency, welfare, and teen pregnancy, and produced a financial return to taxpayers equal to several times the initial investment. If Head Start and child-care programs for low-income families across the country were only half as effective as this program, they would still pay for themselves. On the basis of such research, the Committee for Economic Development—an association of 250 CEOs and college presidents now chaired by Owen B. Butler, retired chairman of Procter & Gamble—is calling for an annual increase of $11.5 billion in the public investment in such programs.

Whatever else it may do, the Act for Better Child Care will help improve the quality of child care for poor children. Fewer than half of these children are served by Head Start or child care funded by the Social Services Block Grant. Nor can we rest easy about the quality of these programs, with the average staff member earning less than $10,000 a year.

Some parents—and some child-care providers—do not have the resources and training they need to provide good early-childhood education. Tax breaks for low-income parents are worth pursuing, as are parenting-education programs like those in Minnesota and Missouri. But these initiatives do not address the nation's need for *uniformly good child-care programs*. Regardless of other reforms, without a national strategy for providing such care, we will sadly remain a nation at risk.

Lawrence J. Schweinhart
Ypsilanti, Mich.

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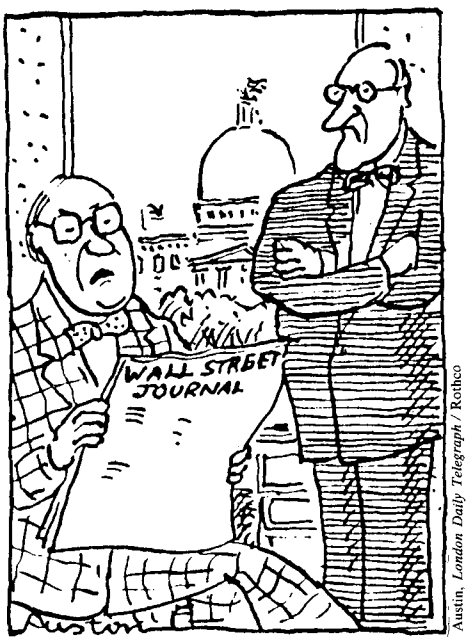
FOR THE RECORD

Summit addenda: "**Reagan** is a simple man, a normal man," said **Vitaly Korotich**, Soviet editor, after Reagan's speech to Moscow culturati. "He likes astrology; maybe he eats spinach; he was an actor. Americans maybe are getting tired of hearing about details of the private lives of their leaders, but we are just getting started. We see this normal man and we want to have a normal man as the leader of our state." . . . Until they do, they're still trying to leave: 1,145 Jews left Soviet Union in May, highest monthly total since 1981; 10,000 are expected to leave this year, along with 14,000 Armenians, 20,000 ethnic Germans. . . . **Ted Turner** and *Encyclopaedia Britannica* are planning a classroom version of Turner's *Portrait of the Soviet Union* (which *Washington Post* TV critic **Tom Shales** called "a postcard from Binky and Biff at Camp Whitewash"). Excerpts from **Roy Scheider**'s gushing narration: "Once, the Kremlin was the home of czars. Now, it belongs to the people. . . . The longer you're here, the more you discover how many wrong ideas you have about the Soviets." . . . Planned for summer: U.S./Russian peace walks, sponsored by something called International Peace Walk, Inc. The schedule: June-July, Washington-Philadelphia, Iowa, California; August-September, Odessa-Kiev. Last year's "history-making Walk" (their words) ended with American-Soviet rock concert in Moscow, featuring **James Taylor**, **Doobie Brothers**. . . . Five senators withstood pre-Summit rush to ratify INF Treaty: Republicans **Jesse Helms**, **Gordon Humphrey**, **Steve Symms**, and **Malcolm Wallop**, and Democrat **Ernest Hollings**.



" 'Dukakonomics' just doesn't have the same ring to it."

George Bush reacted to bad polls at his Kennebunkport home over Memorial Day weekend: Don't worry, there's still time to panic. "I go back to the last elections, particularly in 1980, and there was, 'OK, what's the details, what's the details of that, when are you going to do it?' and I didn't feel that I had to meet someone else's timetable. So there will be more details at an appropriate time." . . . Veep-talk: Campaigning in New Jersey, **Jesse Jackson** said, "I have earned consideration." But hot Democratic talk continues to focus on **John Glenn**. *Cincinnati Post* poll puts **Dukakis**-Glenn ticket ahead of George Bush by overwhelming 54 to 38 per cent. (Bush leads Dukakis-Jackson.) California Field poll shows Dukakis-Glenn beating Bush 51 to 41 per cent, even if Gov. **George Deukmejian** is GOP running-mate. Interestingly, Bush-Deukmejian edges Dukakis and **Sam Nunn**—thus showing, according to **Kevin Phillips**, that Nunn "*does* lose votes for Dukakis in Northern liberal states." *Boston Phoenix* editor **Richard Gaines** pinpoints Glenn's biggest fan, Dukakis fundraiser **Robert Farmer**: "In Glenn's aborted run for the Presidency in 1984, Farmer was his chief fundraiser. Since then, they have remained dear friends. No other contender for Vice President has such a passionate and influential advocate." . . . On the Republican side, straw poll at Utah state convention was topped by **Jeane Kirkpatrick** and **Elizabeth Dole**. Famous for 15 minutes: Missouri Gov. **John Ashcroft**. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* picks him as lure for **Pat Robertson** followers: "Ashcroft would be sent out by Bush to play the piano and sing gospel songs . . . " Their 15 minutes are over: Illinois Gov. **Jim Thompson**, pushing for state tax increases, a no-no for Bush; and former Pennsylvania Gov. **Dick Thornburgh**, whose handpicked successor as governor lost in 1986.

Syndicated columnist **Warren Brookes**, who observed Michael Dukakis from the vantage of the *Boston Herald*, let him have it in speech to National Association of Business Economists. "The miracle took place 1978 to 1983. It happened to be the period when Michael was out of office. . . . In the last 12 months, while the nation has added 434,000 new industrial jobs, Massachusetts has lost 17,400." But the public sector is booming. "The biggest rise in the state budget has been payroll and consultant costs." And these people know which side their bread is buttered on. "This is why Dukakis's primary competitors have been so stunned, as I warned, . . . by the size of the largest presidential campaign organization in history."

Let there be darkness. Rhode Island Lieut. Gov. **Richard Licht**, running for Senate seat of **John Chafee**, returned $250 campaign contribution from **Tom Hayden** when veterans protested. "I've spoken with a number of friends of mine who are veterans," said Licht. "They've asked me to return the money, and we will." . . . The name of **Leonard Peltier**, an Indian activist in jail for the murder of two FBI officers, may not be a household word here in America, but it sure is in Abakan, the capital of the Khakass Autonomous Region, where "people's poet" **Mikhail Kilchichakov** recently organized "a unique poetry recital and concert, which raised 1,750 rubles for the Leonard Peltier Defense Fund," according to **Prairie Miller** in the *People's Daily World*.

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THE WEEK

☐ Our Catholic readers should say extra hard their traditional prayers for the conversion of Russia, since American foreign policy is now based on the assumption that it has already occurred.

☐ Oh, how they're crowing: This is the same Ronald Reagan who "once called the Soviet Union an 'evil empire'!" At the same time, they're hailing Mikhail Gorbachev as the man who has "transformed" the Soviet Union. Transformed it from what? From an evil empire? If so, then didn't Reagan *use* to be right? If not, what's Gorbachev getting credit for? Gilding the lily?

☐ As we go to press, the Moscow "Summit" is still going on. But it seems to have been a bravura PR triumph for Ronald Reagan, who himself was upstaged when Mr. Gorbachev visited Washington. At the elite Moscow State University, Mr. Reagan charmed the students and faculty with his eloquence and civics-book lessons in democracy. Elsewhere, the Soviet literary elite was immensely impressed by his religious eloquence, at which the American literary elite would sneer. Mr. Gorbachev resented the President's remarks about human rights, but Gorbachev needs a deal (see "Thinking the Unthinkable," p. 12).

☐ Julius Lester was a professor in the Black Studies department of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst until he was purged the other day. Professor Lester has had an unusual career. During the turbulent 1960s, he was an incandescent Black Power orator. Then he moved in various religious directions: Eastern Orthodox, Catholic, and now Judaic. He is the author of numerous important books and articles and the recipient, at U. Mass., of "great teacher" awards. How did this interesting man get purged? A black himself, he criticized James Baldwin for condemning a black reporter for revealing Jesse Jackson's "Hymietown" remark. Baldwin thought the black reporter should have covered it up. Professor Lester didn't. So the U. Mass. Black Studies faculty voted unanimously to censure him for leaving the fold. The University is sitting on its hands, as is the American Association of University Professors. Professor Lester said the hell with it, and is now teaching in the Judaic Studies department.

☐ STOLEN BASE DEPT.: Michael Kinsley, *The New Republic*'s TRB, writes in his syndicated column: "Democrats are trying to bribe voters with new spending programs while Republicans are trying to bribe people with a new tax cut." *Voilà!* A new definition of corruption: offering to let people keep their own money.

☐ Burma is the largest producer of opium, from which is processed the heroin to which many Americans are addicted. The United States supports Ne Win, who has ruled Burma for 26 years, because he says he is willing to fight opium production. The support consists of providing him with American planes and herbicides. On the other hand, Ne Win also has Soviet advisors and Vietnamese friends. The strong Burmese Communist Party (which is Peking-oriented) profits greatly from the drug trade, says the U.S. State Department. As all this goes on, there are thousands of rebels not only seeking to establish a democratic Burmese federation, but fighting the opium producers as well. Ne Win, the Soviets, and the Vietnamese would like to suppress the resistance, consolidate their forces in Burma, and extend their rule through Thailand and Malaysia, thus providing themselves, among other things, with access to ports on the Indian Ocean. According to Brang Seng—who recently escaped from Burma and is leader of the Kachin Independence Organization—the U.S.-supplied planes and herbicides, along with Soviet helicopters from India, are being used to fight the resistance, not the opium crops.

☐ Who said it, and about which country? "Last but not least we cannot understand and accept a policy of imposing on a sovereign state a system of government that it does not want." Gorbachev about Nicaragua.

☐ Setting aside political barriers, the six Balkan states sat down together in Belgrade recently for a wide-ranging conference on common problems. The six included Albania, which is ending forty years of rigid isolation for the sake, its foreign minister said, "of our internal development." Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey were the other countries at the conference. To general surprise, Albania expressed its thanks to Yugoslavia for its forbearance regarding problems caused by the Albanian minority in the Yugoslav province of Kosovo. This was con-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE OTHER day, someone asked Speaker Jim Wright to describe his feelings toward Representative Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.). Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Wright drawled back his answer: "Similar to those of a fire hydrant to a dog."

Members of Congress don't usually speak about each other that way—or, at least, not in public—but neither do they speak as Gingrich does of Wright: "This is a situation where the man who is third in line to the President is the least ethical person to serve as Speaker in the twentieth century," he fumes. "That is terrifying in its implications for the future of the House of Representatives, and therefore, since we have oversight over the CIA, and the IRS, and the FBI, it is frightening in its implications for the country."

A year ago, when Representative Gingrich launched what was then a one-man crusade against Wright, few took him seriously. Indeed, until recently, most Republicans did not want to get near Gingrich's anti-Wright drive. Earlier this year, for example, Gingrich asked his GOP colleagues to join him in seeking formal charges against Wright for not fully disclosing his finances. But other Republicans waited so long to do anything that Wright amended his 1980 financial-disclosure forms, rendering the matter moot. "People warned me off from this; they said I'd be asking for political trouble," Gingrich recalls, noting that Democrats are targeting him in the fall. "But I didn't come here to pleasantly rise on an escalator of self-serving compromises."

Nowadays, Gingrich's exertions seem less quixotic. No fewer than 72 House Republicans have signed a letter to the House's ethics committee, requesting an investigation of Wright. The watchdog group Common Cause—no water-carrier for the GOP—has called for an ethics-committee inquiry into Wright's financial dealings. Even House Democrats seem to have resigned themselves to the prospect of a formal investigation of their chief.

"We're not worried, because there's nothing there," says House Majority Whip Tony Coelho (D., Calif.). Gingrich, of course, sees things differently: "I've had two investigative reporters tell me that when you get involved in this kind of process, it just accelerates —the more you find out, the more damaging it is," he says with unconcealed relish. "I think we might see the end of Wright as Speaker before the end of the year."

Few of his colleagues would be willing to go that far. Then again, Gingrich is used to going where few members of Congress have gone before. When he arrived in Washington nine years ago, Gingrich proclaimed it his mission to overhaul the Republican Party and, ultimately, to change American society, if not life on earth. Since then, the chunky, mop-headed former history professor has elevated Democrat-bashing to an art form.

It was Gingrich who showed up in San Francisco during the 1984 Democratic Convention, granting interviews and lampooning Walter Mondale to the press corps. He was also the first to regularly make after-hours speeches in the House, beaming those messages via the chamber's TV cameras to cable viewers around the country. These fusillades against the Democrats so irritated then-Speaker Tip O'Neill that he ordered the TV cameras to pan the empty floor as the speeches were made, thus letting viewers at home know that Gingrich was lecturing to an empty chamber.

Gingrich likes to point to the "serious" legislative work that he claims is ignored by most press reports on him. "Of all the things I'm doing now, the effort involving Wright is probably less than 5 per cent of my activities," Gingrich insists. "I have a very broad range of interests." It was he who organized like-minded conservative House Republicans into an association dubbed the Conservative Opportunity Society (COS), a name he coined to contrast with the supposedly failed liberal welfare state. While COS's tangible legislative accomplishments may be hard to measure, it certainly did help pressure the House Republican leadership into adopting a more aggressive, confrontational posture. "They're permanent pests," says one leadership aide. Nevertheless, although Gingrich asserts that the COS is as vital as ever—it still meets weekly, he says, and its agenda has become an integral part of the Republican Party's agenda—the group is far less visible than it was during the early years of the Reagan era.

"They've had a difficult time transforming their opposition into a real program," says Norman Ornstein, a congressional analyst at the American Enterprise Institute. But Gingrich believes that in his hardy band of conservative disciples lie the seeds of the rebirth of the conservative movement. And at least one Democrat argues that there is a connection between that belief and the drive against Wright. "COS isn't a factor. Gingrich isn't a factor," asserts Representative Coelho, perhaps a tad too anxiously. "He's just straining for anything to change that."

—CATO

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sidered quite a gesture, as this minority has driven out the native Serbs from their places of authority and is a threat to Yugoslav sovereignty in the province. "We must convert minorities into a factor of cohesion and stability and a bridge for cooperation among neighboring countries," continued the Albanian minister, Reis Malile. As nearly every Balkan country seethes with fractious minorities, this hope, voiced by an Albanian official, was warmly received.

☐ Add to the list of dissident, conservative journals proliferating on campuses fogbound by liberal clichés: the lively *Minnesota Spectator*, edited by Ray Lowry and Kai Kroll. For information, write P.O. Box 13651, Minneapolis, Minn. 55414.

☐ Bumper stickers are springing up in Massachusetts that say: "DUKAKIS FOR WHAT?"

☐ A division of Regnery Gateway, Inc., has put together a catalogue called *The American Citizen*. It is a fine achievement, editorially and typographically, listing and describing a hundred-odd books of special interest to conservatives—books, both current and his-

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torical, that sharpen the mind and razor the tongue. Do not miss writing in and asking for a copy of *The American Citizen: Reader's Catalogue* (Regnery Gateway, Inc., 950 North Shore Drive, Lake Bluff, Ill. 60044).

☐ The new postmaster general is Mr. Frank. Frank has its privileges.

☐ Aides to Senator Simon dubbed a reception for the South African Archbishop: "Tea for Tutu."

☐ Concerning the current Protectionism Bill, a sign posted at the American Conservative Union: "You want long-term notification of plant closings? Okay: If Mike Dukakis is elected President, a lot of plants are going to close."

Thinking the Unthinkable

STRANGE THINGS appear to be happening within the Communist world. Taking a long view, there exists a pattern of things happening toward the end of a century, as the world enters the *fin de siècle*. As wise Heraclitus said: "The law of things is that all things change." The ground shifted in England in the 1890s. There was a trembling of the veil as perceptive spirits peered ahead: Kipling's "Recessional," Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. In the 1780s the West saw the onset of an age of revolutions, in the 1680s a shift toward rationalism and secularism. Elizabeth I died in 1603, bringing to an end the Elizabethan religious "compromise."

The Communist idea, or system of ideas, grew up amidst many other nineteenth-century protests against nineteenth-century capitalism. Surrounding the Communist formulators, Marx and Engels, were a host of half-forgotten anarchists and a rich variety of socialists, as well as communitarian utopian thinkers like William Morris. The Soviet regime came to power in 1917 chiefly because of the Russian defeat at the hands of the Germans and the refusal of either the Czar or the elected premier, Kerensky, to pull out of the war. Shortly, under Bolshevik auspices, Lenin and his heirs would descend upon what amounted to a politically and militarily conquered nation.

Practically all of Marx's philosophical, historical, and economic ideas had been exploded by experts by about 1910. Edmund Wilson, no expert, nevertheless had to throw up his hands half-way through writing *Axel's Castle* (1931), deciding that Marxist theory was obscurantist and false: the famous Dialectic was "mysticism"; the historical predictions and "iron" economic laws just did not work out. When Sidney Hook—unlike Wilson an expert on Marxism—tried to synthesize Marx and John Dewey, every time he got near an acceptable philosophical formulation Dewey was in and Marx was out.

Now those readers who can remember or even imagine the period immediately following World War II will recall how powerful the Communist idea seemed to be at the time. Koestler had published *Darkness at Noon* in 1941, but the book had its real vogue after the war, with Stalin looming over a prostrate Europe; the Communist idea was so potent that it seemed credible that an innocent Rubashov willingly sacrificed himself to protect the Revolution. (Actually, Bukharin, upon whom Rubashov was modeled, was tortured and murdered.) In Malraux's *Man's Hope*, the Revolution is man's hope. In Chambers's *Witness*, this ex-Communist believes that in leaving the Party he has joined the *losing* side, the West. In *1984*, O'Brien and the Party are all-powerful, and the entire world is totalitarian. In *The God That Failed* —the *God*!—a number of prominent intellectuals described how, with some reluctance, they had rejected Communism.

Well, the great Communist parties of the post-war period, in France, in Italy, and (underground) in Spain, are virtually out of business. Felipe González in Spain and François Mitterrand in France are not even socialists any more, and solid conservatives are in power in England and Germany.

Which leaves us with the Soviet Union and China, the vast Communist pillars. Recent material indicates that the USSR is in terrible economic shape, far worse than CIA estimates had indicated—that, in fact, it is in the process of becoming a Third World nation in terms of productivity, per-capita income, life expectancy, infant mortality, declining individual weight and height, and other indices. The bureaucratized "command" economic system has been a disaster.

We remain skeptical about the ultimate outcome of what Gorbachev is doing, but he is certainly attempting something. But reform, to be effective, would mean abandoning, gradually or suddenly, the key institutions of Soviet centralized management, which are strangling the economy—abandoning, in other words, Communism. The odds against his effecting radical

The Nunn Nightmare

Though Dodd might join a nunnery
  As Teddy rents an eyrie
Somewhere in stately Chevy Chase
  To toy with hara-kiri,
The Democrats would ratify
  Their nominee's selection
With clothespinned noses, knowing Nunn
  Could tilt the fall election.

W. H. VON DREELE

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change are enormous, but it is not wise or realistic to interpret his every move and statement as a ruse to fool the United States.

In China, Deng Xiaoping, who accompanied Mao on the Long March, began a somewhat analogous process of dismantling the Maoist state: bringing in new leadership, experimenting with enterprise and investment, trading quietly but heavily with Taiwan. All of this could be reversed, but it is wise not to bet that it will be. Change often acquires its own momentum.

There are signs around the edges that the Soviet empire in the Third World is beginning to shred. The Red Army is moving in the wrong direction in Afghanistan. How long can Gorbachev, with his economy, continue to shell out $3 million per day to Cuba, $1 billion per year to Angola? Ortega, as we go to press, appears to be making significant concessions to the Contras, at least on paper.

There may be nothing to all of this. The official Soviet line has not changed, and it would be reckless to weaken our defense establishment, or to alter our assumption that the Soviet Union intends to pursue its long struggle for the world. On the other hand, it would be foolish to exclude the possibility that the above tendencies may be significant. *NR* has always opposed Communism as unworkable—doomed, based on terror, at odds with human nature. Maybe the "politics of reality," as we sometimes define conservatism, is now working out within Communism. Too bad Orwell, Koestler, Chambers, and the rest are not around to call the score, as the "God" may, now, really be failing conclusively. —J. Hart

'The Catch'

Michael Makarenko is not your run-of-the-mill political prisoner. While serving an eight-year term in a Soviet labor camp in the Seventies, Makarenko sued the KGB thirty times. Shortly after his release, he and a number of friends, reasoning that the victims as well as the heroes of the Revolution should be buried within the Kremlin walls, secretly interred there bones of prisoners who had died in Gulag and shot a film of the ceremony. Today Makarenko is the founding father of Resistance International in the U.S. [see "On the Right," p. 57], and continues his battle against Soviet tyranny.

Most recently Makarenko has come up with figures on just how many people there have been in Gulag at any one time. His method is simple. First he takes official Soviet population figures for citizens of voting age. From those figures he subtracts the number of those who voted in a national election that year. What is left (voting is compulsory in the Soviet Union) is the number of people in Gulag, who lose, along with their liberty, their right to vote.

By this means, Makarenko calculates that in 1938, at the height of Stalin's Great Terror, 15.9 per cent of the Russian people—17.6 million men and women—were excluded from voting and were in Gulag; in 1962, at the end of the Khrushchev thaw, the figure was down to 2.4 per cent—3.4 million people—but by 1975, after 11 years of Brezhnev's rule, it had moved up to 5.4 per cent—9.4 million people. These figures, incidentally, do not include several million Russians not in the camps: men and women who have been sentenced to forced labor without deprivation of freedom; to conditional early release; to exile; or to banishment. The punishment of these people does not include disfranchisement.

In 1975, Soviet authorities stopped releasing their voting-rolls figures, but, working with other data, Makarenko concludes the prison figures are higher now than in Brezhnev's day.

The reason is that cheap slave labor is indispensable to the Soviet economy: prisoners can be forced to work in regions and under conditions that even semi-free men would not tolerate. A fellow prisoner, a former colonel at one time employed by the Central Statistical Board of the USSR Council of Ministers, explained to Makarenko that various ministries periodically make known to Gosplan (the State Planning Commission) their labor requirements—over and above their regular shipments of criminals and political prisoners—often specifying not only how many bodies they need but what skills are in short supply. A campaign is then cranked up, orchestrated by the central press, and echoed in the provincial press, against "parasites," or "home distillers," or "hooligans," or whatever, and in two or three months' time hundreds of thousands of "working hands" have been rounded up by the KGB, tried, and sentenced, and are on their way to Siberia. This, said the colonel, is known at the State Planning Commission as "the catch," and it continues, Makarenko insists, in Year III of the Era of Glasnost.

Re: Meese

The situation of Ed Meese is, in the deepest sense of the term, pathetic. He believes (as do we) that he is innocent of wrongdoing; and yet powerful political dynamics point toward his resignation.

It is certainly true, as George Bush has been saying, that Democrats turn a kindlier eye on proven malfeasance in their own ranks. (Hold Congress upside down and shake it, and watch the crooks tumble out.) It is also true, as Patrick Korten, Terry Eastland's replacement as the Justice Department spokesman, wrote in the *Washington Post*, that the Meese hunt is a political operation, "a technique that liberal Democrats have been perfecting for the past several years. . . . [P]ick a target, preferably a strong conservative, repeat unfounded assertions of impropriety . . . and →

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Shoreham and the Environmentalist Guerrillas

LATE LAST MONTH, the people of New York State got quite a bargain: the Shoreham nuclear-power plant on Long Island, complete and almost ready to run, a certified $5.3-billion value for only one dollar.

If you wonder why the plant's owner, the Long Island Lighting Company (Lilco), was willing to sell at such a discount, the answer can be found in that phrase "almost ready to run." All Shoreham lacks is an operating license, for which it has been waiting since its completion in 1984. It doesn't have an operating license because the State of New York and its creature, Suffolk County, have refused to take part in developing the emergency-evacuation plans that are a requisite to securing the license from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC). Earlier this year, it looked as if the NRC had finally lost patience with the persistent nonfeasance of the local authorities and would grant the license without their participation; but this relief came too late.

Crushed by the burden of debt incurred in building a plant it could not use, Lilco settled for a deal under which, through a huge tax deduction, the federal taxpayers will ante up for part of its losses, and its customers will take care of the rest.

Shoreham was in deep trouble long before the state and the county went on their sit-down strike. Its construction was a remarkable example of delay in an industry where delay is routine. It was ordered in 1967, but did not get a construction license until 1973. (By contrast, the Millstone Point II plant across Long Island Sound, ordered the same year as Shoreham, got its construction permit three years earlier.) Building Shoreham took 11 years. (Millstone Point II was completed in five.) And finally, building Shoreham, difficult as it was, was easier than operating it, which turned out to be impossible.

Meanwhile in Connecticut, Millstone Point II cost $424 million and, by the time Shoreham was completed, had already paid for itself by fuel savings, which now total approximately $700 million.

Shoreham proved so expensive for a number of reasons, including management failures, leaden-handed regulation, environmentalist guerrilla tactics, and the malevolence of the local governments. All of these operated through delay. Delay ensured that the plant was constructed through a period of swinging inflation and swinging interest rates. (Shoreham has been costing Lilco upwards of $1 million a day in interest.) It cost $4.8 billion more than Millstone Point II.

The final and fatal delay was the most unnecessary of all, the delay in the operating license. This delay was not imposed by the authorities responsible for ensuring the safety of nuclear-power plants—those whose supervision has meant that not a single member of the public has been injured. They had not concluded that Shoreham was unsafe to operate. Rather, the local authorities yielded to anti-nuclear hysteria.

Nuclear power is held to a standard of safety which no other industrial technology could possibly meet. If the standard were generalized, tankers carrying liquefied natural gas could not enter our harbors. Semiconductor factories could not operate. And indeed, coal-fired power plants, most of which emit more radiation than is permitted for nuclear plants, could not operate.

Nuclear power has been meeting this standard. But Governor Cuomo and his allies have devised something new: an infinitely high standard.

Speaking some years ago about the financial prospects of Lilco, Governor Cuomo compassionately remarked, "Let them take a bath. They're a private corporation." In the event, the bath will be taken by practically everyone but Lilco. It will be a crowded tub. Lilco's customers and the federal taxpayers will be there. So will all the inhabitants of Long Island, who will suffer from unreliable sources of electricity. And since some of the replacement electricity for Shoreham will be generated by burning more coal, which kills people through air pollution, some of the people in the tub will be not merely clean but dead.

The nuclear industry is in a mess in America, especially compared to countries like France, where 55 per cent of the electricity comes from the atom. Some of the blame must go to management. Some must go to the regulators, who, among other things, have ensured that each plant must be custom-designed and custom-built, incorporating hundreds of design changes over the period of construction. And a great deal of blame must go to the anti-nuclear movement, which, unable to make nuclear power illegal, has done what it can to make it uneconomical. To this, the New York State and Suffolk County authorities have added civil disobedience by government itself.

They already have emulators to the north: Michael Dukakis is trying to kill the Seabrook plant with his own sit-down strike over emergency planning. Most of the politicians involved in these tactics will have moved up or out when the bills come due, but their names should be remembered for the history books.

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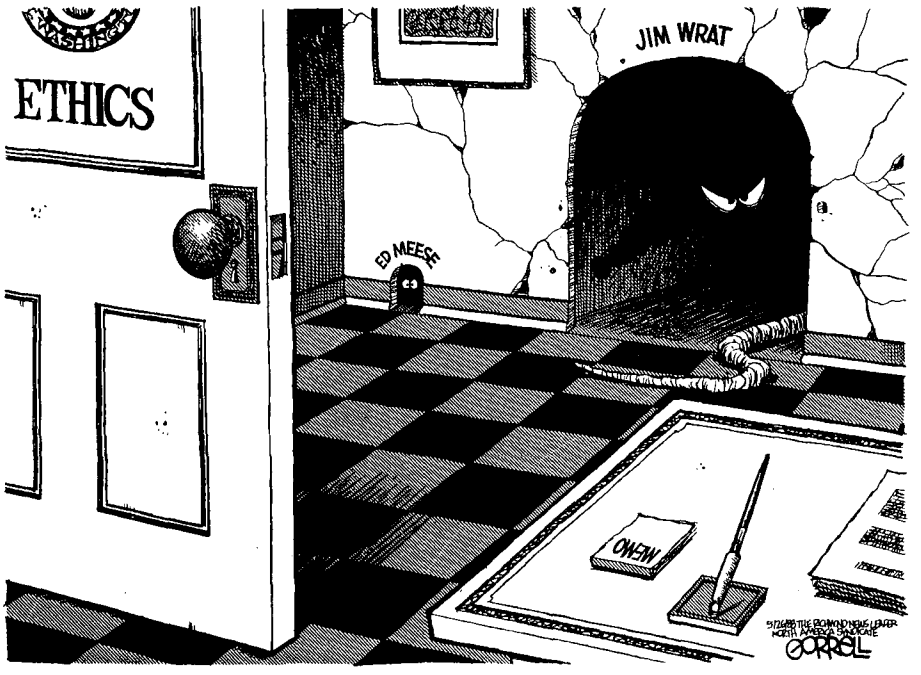
then, in conjunction with a sympathetic media establishment, wage a loud campaign for his departure."

If that and a clean conscience were all that counted, then Meese should stick it out till doomsday. But they aren't. Such fights as those in which Meese is now embroiled also occur in a political context. Their outcomes depend in part on the strength of one's allies. At another time, Meese might have relied on the residual clout of the Administration. The clout of the Reagan Administration, Summitry aside, is now slight, for reasons both avoidable (Iran-Contra) and unavoidable (the calendar).

Meese's own clout, as a result of his troubles, is, if possible, even lower than the rest of the Administration's. The Meese Justice Department has been one of the vanguards of conservatism in Reagan's Washington—at times, one of the only ones—consistently advancing good people and good causes. Its ability to do this down the homestretch, while Meese is focused on his personal battle royal, is nil.

Independent Counsel James McKay has already indicated that he foresees no indictment of the attorney general in the offing. When he makes his formal report to that effect, Meese should declare victory—and pull out.



Jim Wright's Long, Hot Summer

"IT COULD probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress," Mark Twain wrote. Scandals in the executive branch have drawn the most publicity since Watergate, and the media have been quick to see scandal in Ed Meese's cufflinks or Richard Allen's wristwatch. But given the number of congressmen who in recent years have made quick odysseys from Capitol Hill to the slammer, it's fair to say that the journalistic sleuths should distribute their attentions a little more evenly around Washington.

The watchdogs have finally taken note of the affairs of Jim Wright, who has used his office as Speaker of the House to help friends in need, and incidentally to enrich himself, in transactions of dubious legality. He tried to shield several savings & loan executives, three of whom have now been indicted, from federal inquiries; the executives happen to be big financial contributors to the Democratic Party. And he may have evaded House rules by garnering $60,000 in royalties from a tiny book of his own speeches, a runaway best-seller among lobbyists he's assisted, despite the neglect of literary critics.

House Democrats have threatened retaliation against Common Cause, which has joined Republicans in making charges of impropriety and in calling for a full investigation by someone other than the House quote Ethics unquote Committee. Wright's office has also denounced Common Cause for its "partisan" attack on him, though in fact Common Cause has always been an impartially goo-goo liberal organization.

Actually it's Wright himself who has used his power with such brutal and shameless partisanship that House Republicans already pine for the good old days of Tip O'Neill. Wright apparently made the rash assumption that the media were so transfixed by potential Administration malfeasances that nothing he could do would ever catch their attention. He's learning otherwise. He refused to take part in a recent *Nightline* discussion of his affairs, though so far he hasn't accused Ted Koppel of being a Republican tool. Since he's scheduled to preside at the Democrats' convention this summer, the case could get exciting.

Heritage: Semper Paratus

WE HAVE IN HAND a handsomely boxed, highly readable three-volume agenda for the future, post-Reagan, from the invaluable Heritage Foundation. *Issues '88* sets forth a program that is not only desirable but achievable. There are 238 "planks," as in a political platform, but backed up in the text by some of the best minds in the various areas. You can get the whole thing from the Heritage Foundation (214 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C.

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The Distribution of Income (Cont'd)

A FEW MONTHS AGO the Treasury Department released two typewritten pages showing that the share of income taxes paid by the wealthiest 1 per cent of taxpayers had risen from 18.1 per cent to 26.1 per cent between 1981 and 1986, while that of the bottom half had fallen to 6.4 per cent from 7.5 per cent.

The Op-Ed-page response was predictable: Sure, the rich are paying a larger percentage of all taxes, but their income grew considerably faster than their taxes, not to mention faster than that of the bottom half of taxpayers.

Both assertions happen to be correct. The share of total income going to the top 1 per cent rose 45.7 per cent over the period, a point or so higher than the 44.2 per cent rise in their tax share. Thus, the average tax rate (taxes as a percentage of income) of the top group fell 9.1 per cent. Over the same period, however, the average tax rate of the lower half of taxpayers fell by 15.2 per cent, a fact largely ignored in the press.

Income earned by the bottom half of taxpayers rose 10.9 per cent, in constant dollars, between 1981 and 1986, but this didn't keep pace with the top half; the bottom half's share of total income fell 6.7 per cent.

An increase in income disparity is exactly what one would expect given the pattern of tax reductions over this period: marginal tax rates on the highest incomes were cut by twenty percentage points, compared to a cut of three percentage points for the bottom bracket.

It's clear that work incentives have increased more for the upper incomes. This trend, however, has resulted in increased economic mobility in this country. More than ever before, wealthier taxpayers are likely to have gotten that way by virtue of their own work rather than via inheritance or income from capital.

In 1960, for example, the wealthiest 2 per cent of taxpayers derived more than two-thirds (69.3 per cent) of their income from dividends, interest, and capital gains, only 30.7 per cent from wages and salaries. The top marginal tax rate that year was 91 per cent. By 1975 the top rate on wages had been cut to 50 per cent, and the share of this group's income derived from wages and salaries had risen to 48.3 per cent. In 1988, with the top rate down to 28 per cent, 60.7 per cent of the income of the wealthiest 5 per cent of families will be derived from wages and salaries, according to the Congressional Budget Office.

The public debate on income distribution still proceeds from the assumption that "the rich" and "the poor" are fixed groups over time. But a University of Michigan study that tracked the year-to-year economic vicissitudes of five thousand representative American families found that only 48.5 per cent of the families who were among the wealthiest 20 per cent in 1971 were still there in 1978; 3.5 per cent of them had fallen into the lowest 20 per cent bracket. Conversely, 44.5 per cent of the families in the poorest fifth in 1971 were no longer there seven years later; 6 per cent had actually risen all the way to the highest fifth—suggesting that economic inequality is a good deal less pronounced than the commonly used statistics indicate. —ED RUBENSTEIN

20002; $19.95), but herewith we provide a sampling from the planks.

"**Plank 3.** Adopt a two-year budget cycle."

"**Plank 5.** Contract out federal services."

"**Plank 11.** Reform the military retirement system."

"**Plank 28.** Promote employment opportunities by reforming minimum-wage laws."

"**Plank 48.** Begin negotiations to phase out all agricultural trade barriers and subsidies."

"**Plank 60.** Privatize Amtrak's Northeast corridor."

"**Plank 82.** Make corporate plans for retiree health insurance tax deductible."

"**Plank 109.** Increase law enforcement in the inner city."

While George Bush is absorbing this high-altitude stuff, we move on to foreign policy.

"**Plank 120.** Restrict transfer of Western technology to the Soviet bloc."

"**Plank 121.** End economic subsidies and discourage 'untied' loans to the Soviet bloc."

"**Plank 124.** Test SDI systems."

"**Plank 144.** Reduce trade barriers to Asian nations and push them to open their markets to U.S. goods."

"**Plank 169.** Reinvest in South Africa's future."

"**Plank 173.** Promote Third World private-sector growth as a condition for aid."

"**Plank 182.** Strengthen naval air power and anti-submarine warfare capability."

We move on to the "Social Policy Planks."

"**Plank 192.** Increase the dependent tax exemption."

"**Plank 196.** End barriers to work in the home."

"**Plank 213.** Restore core works of Western culture to . . . textbooks and curricula."

"**Plank 214.** Enact tuition tax credits."

"**Plank 229.** Mandate life sentences for second-offense violent offenders."

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"**Plank 236.** Transfer outmoded military bases to state prison systems."

"**Plank 238.** Establish a police ROTC."

And, especially notable, "**Plank 208**. Halt AIDS and [other] sexually transmitted diseases." The message is to treat AIDS as a public-health problem rather than as a sexual-civil-rights problem; the proposed solution includes AIDS testing in schools, hospitals, and prisons. Perhaps easier said than done, but a good start on the problem.

All in all, a worthy vision of a good society, one in which we would like to live. There is political/intellectual life after 1988.

Something's Rotten in Massachusetts

The debt, though heaven knows it's not
As red as what the Feds begot,
Is taking on a pinkish hue
And, as the poet said, 'twill do,
So as the governor proceeds
To itemize our welfare needs,
It might be good for Mr. Bush
To sock it to him in the mush.

W. H. von Dreele

Pay Some Attention to Botha

Recently, President P. W. Botha of South Africa affirmed his belief that black leaders should be included in the electoral college that chooses the president: "I agree that black leaders should also be part of the electoral college. The state president becomes their state president, and it is not right that we tell them that he is the state president." He also called for reforms that would enable blacks to serve in the national cabinet.

There is more. Botha also specified the need for structural changes, involving "political participation for blacks inside the republic . . . participation in the governing process."

This has been a story scarcely touched on by the American media. Mikhail Gorbachev has been reaping enormous political rewards for *glasnost* and *perestroika*, and perhaps he should—but these have so far been modest in comparison with the changes Botha is backing. Gorbachev, for example, has never said that non-Party members should participate in choosing the Soviet chief of state—which would be analogous to what Botha is proposing for South African blacks.

One suspects that nothing the South African government could do would ever be enough for American liberal opinion, except abdicate, or, better still, commit suicide. Yet it is clear that serious constitutional reform is in prospect.

America's Cup: Big Mess

Except insofar as it touches on American manners, what happens or does not happen to the America's Cup is not high on the agenda of this journal's concerns. But the gentlemen of San Diego, where the Cup currently resides, have given the sporting public a disappointment at least equal, and of a different character, to the one that would be felt if San Diego had lost the America's Cup in competition.

What happened, briefly, is this. The New Zealanders spotted a loophole in the 1887 deed of gift governing the Cup. It could be said that by exploiting that somnolent loophole the Kiwis had pulled a distasteful fast one. But U.S. courts upheld what they did. And San Diego, instead of building a comparable vessel, ninety feet long at the water line, to cope with the challenge, used a loophole of their own, designing a forty-foot catamaran.

It isn't absolutely predictable which of the two will prove the faster boat, but it is absolutely predictable that the contest, if it takes place, will not have the nature of a race. Might as well match a thoroughbred race horse against a greyhound: one doesn't know which of the two is faster, and one does not care.

The under-the-table excuse being used by San Diego is that the most prominent designer of the type of boat New Zealand is using cannot, as a non-American, be tapped to do the U.S. contender and that there is no time to cast out and match his talent. Translated, that means that the gentlemen of San Diego feel they would lose in a fair fight. So they will try to win using a duck-billed platypus. They should not be surprised if the sporting community tunes out.

The New Poll

National Review has conducted a national poll of the American people. The results are bound to surprise. But here it is:

—Do you believe we are spending enough money to safeguard the national security against a first strike, or the threat of a first strike, by the Soviet Union?

No: 91 per cent **Yes:** 5 per cent

—Do you believe that Mikhail Gorbachev is prepared to abandon traditional Communist aims of dominating the politics of the world?

No: 89 per cent **Yes:** 6 per cent

—Do you believe that the budget deficit is primarily caused by the tax reductions of 1981?

No: 94 per cent **Yes:** 2 per cent

—Do you believe that creating quotas for minority students will help them advance?

No: 96 per cent **Yes:** 1 per cent

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The Board Room Veto

Yes, sixty days' notice when closing
  Could ruin a medium firm,
But Bush has been taking a hosing
  As fellow Republicans squirm
And weary supporters turn ashen,
  For, far as an eyeball can see,
The liberals trumpet compassion
  While we waltz with Simon Legree.

W. H. VON DREELE

—Do you believe that the Strategic Defense Initiative is necessary for effective protection against a potential Soviet or *n*th-power nuclear-missile attack?

Yes: 92 per cent **No:** 3 per cent

—Do you believe that any congressman or senator who votes more money should be

Forced to retire: 33 per cent **Horsewhipped:** 60 per cent

—Do you believe that political polls are primarily believed by

Naïfs: 22 per cent **Horses' Asses:** 76 per cent

This poll was conducted among 12 regular contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW magazine, and has been adjudged accurate, give or take 5 per cent, by the Accuracy in Polls Committee.

Karl A. Wittfogel, RIP

THE PRESS records the death of "Karl A. Wittfogel, Social Scientist Who Turned on Communists, 91." All of that is true. Wittfogel broke with the Party he had served for twenty years when, in 1939, Moscow signed a non-aggression pact with Hitler.

Karl Wittfogel was a Sinologist, and it was almost twenty years after his break with the Communists that he published his seminal book, *Oriental Despotism*. Read purely as history, it describes how the Chinese emperors effected a totalitarian society through the management of water. By carefully allocating and controlling the huge aqueducts to the provinces, they developed a "hydraulic society." And with that came the same control of action and of thought practiced one thousand years later by the Communists, using other means, but inspired by the same vision of total control, total obedience, total docility to the ends of the central power.

It was—is—a great indictment of the centralized state, and a salute to the only force that contends successfully against the centralization of power: private property, the ultimate secular defense against the omnipotent state. And to transcendent loyalties: to God, rather than to the emperor, the General Secretary.

Karl Wittfogel was a friend of the editors of this journal and occasionally reviewed for us. Once, at an event sponsored by NATIONAL REVIEW in the late Fifties, our associate, Professor Gerhart Niemeyer, introduced Karl Wittfogel to Eric Voegelin. On doing so, the judicious, non-theatrical Niemeyer turned and said to me, "I have just introduced to one another the two greatest conservative scholars of this century."

One cannot realistically regret the death of someone who has been with us for 91 years. But we pay tribute to great accomplishment, and extend our sympathy to his distinguished wife, Esther Goldfrank, the renowned anthropologist. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Being a fairly typical teenager I have recently been struggling with the concept of my mortality. In examining this problem I have determined that I should very much like to meet you before either you or I pass away and would very much enjoy the chance to talk, if only for a brief while, with the figurehead of the conservative movement in America. Furthermore, my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW is up for renewal and a meeting with you would at least double (maybe even triple) the chances of my re-subscribing. I would be more than happy to fly anywhere (short of Greenwich Village) to meet with you. Even if we do not get to meet I would like you to know that *Firing Line* does not go unwatched in New Orleans.

Cordially (to borrow an expression),
Kevin Lyman
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mr. Lyman: I certainly hope our paths will cross, which to be sure is a little different from causing them to cross. Concerning the matter of renewing your subscription, I remind you that using the post office for purposes of blackmail is a criminal offense. But if you go to jail, NATIONAL REVIEW will write a stirring defense of you. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am currently unemployed. If I go and camp out in NYC and make a mess in the street, will the nice men from the ACLU take me to dinner at Windows on the World as they did with Joyce Brown? Please advise.

During the past month or so the following has also occurred in the U.S.:

1. A judge placed bias against homosexuals in the same category as bias against blacks. Can affirmative action be far behind?

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If *you* are a Bill Buckley fan who has asked: *How* can I get a copy of Buckley's *Up from Liberalism*? —here's your opportunity to finally get this famous book absolutely FREE and postpaid!

That's right: a new 25th anniversary hardcover edition of Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s 1959 classic *Up from Liberalism* is now available—with a brand-new introduction by the author—and selling for $16.95 (book prices are incredible these days). But if you take advantage of this special offer, you can get your own copy *FREE and postpaid.*

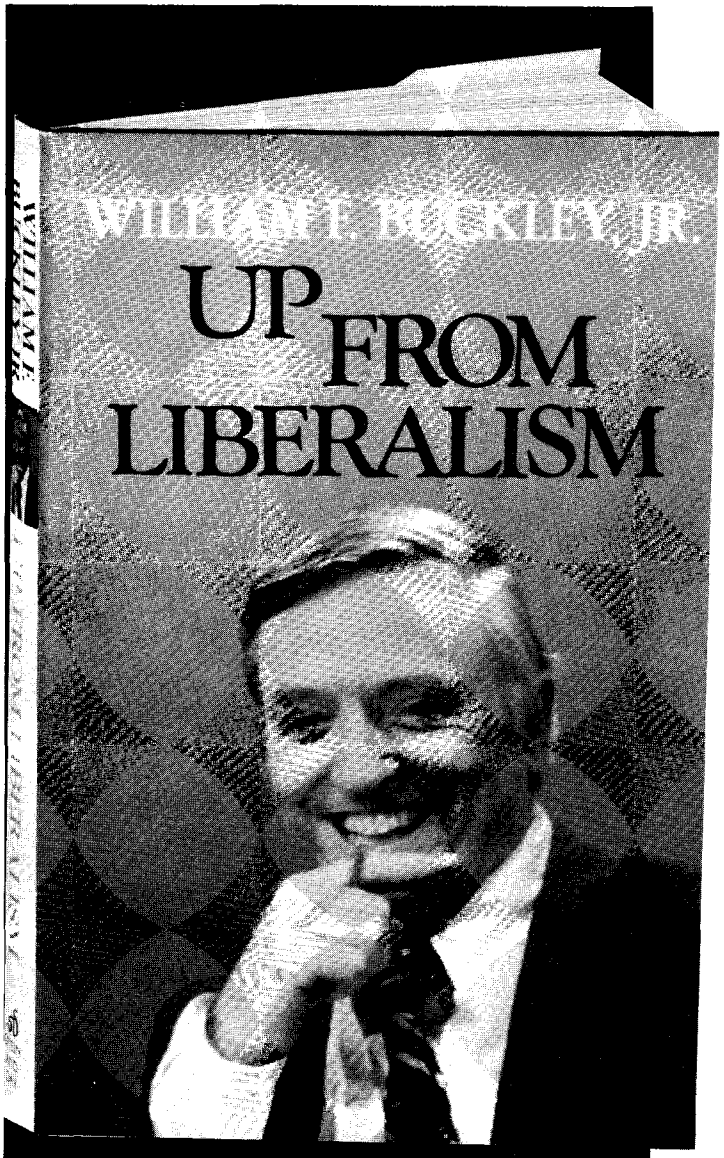
For many years now, readers have been begging us to find them copies of this famous book; many had every *other* Buckley book and wanted to complete their collection; others had heard about it and wanted their own copy. Alas, there was nothing we could do—*Up from Liberalism* was just plain out of print. Now it's back, in a handsome new edition.

And what a treasure house it is! From the original Foreword by the late, great John Dos Passos, right through to the final page (where you get Buckley's so-often-quoted "program" for keeping America free), you find a wealth of ideas and arguments that will make it plain *why* this book was such a milestone in the revitalization of conservatism. It's not just a book you'll want for yourself: you'll start thinking of lots of *other* people you will want to read it (not least those *students* you care about).

And right in the middle of this big book (pp. 101-116) you'll discover one of the greatest gems ever: the story of Paul Hughes, the fabulous confidence man who took many of the nation's most prominent (and *pious*) liberals for thousands of dollars by feeding them incredible stories about Senator Joe McCarthy (the story was *spiked* by the "major media," of course, so you'll find it here *only*—and what hilarious reading it makes!).

If you remember all the controversies and personalities of the late '50s, here's the best one-book refresher course you can find anywhere. If you're too young to have lived through it all, there's no better book to illuminate it all for you. In short, *Up from Liberalism* is a book *every* conservative will want to own.

Well, you can get your own copy FREE and postpaid by just using the coupon right now to subscribe (or renew) at no more than the regular $36 yearly rate. You'll get a full year of *National Review* (if you're renewing, we'll simply add another 25 big issues to your *current* term no matter when it is now due to expire) and this brand-new edition, both for just $36.



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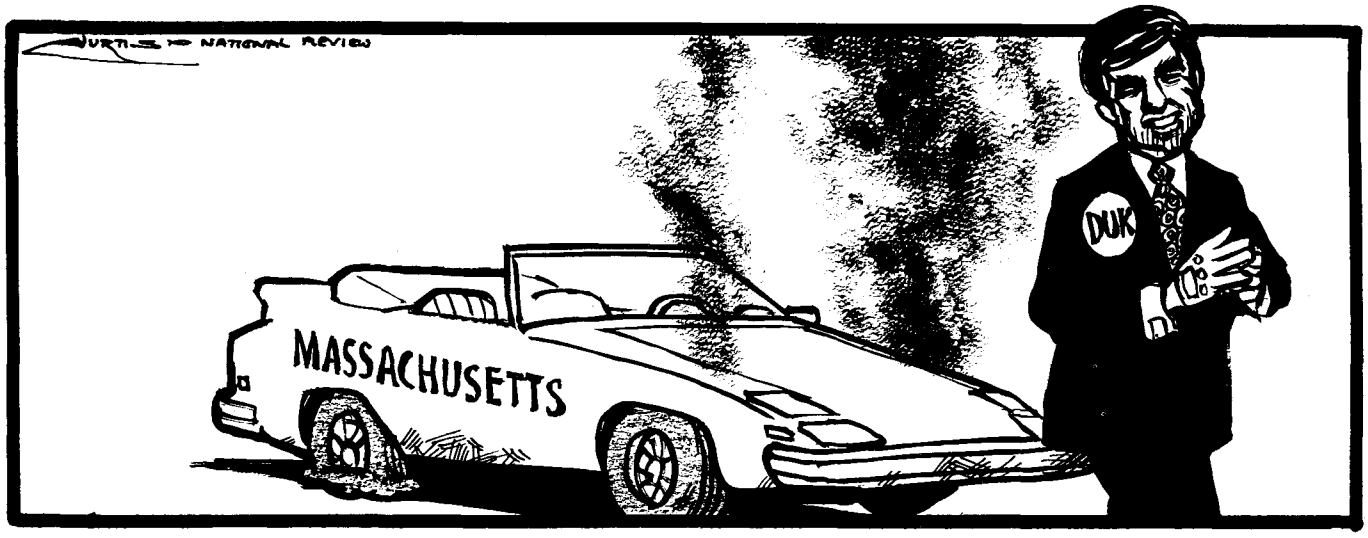

"Now, for my next miracle . . ."

2. The House passed its most intrusive-on-the-private-sector bill in the name of civil rights.

3. The students at Mansfield U. distributed condoms along with the school paper. Can you imagine the liability potential there?

Hilton Rahn
Bethlehem, Pa.

P.S. I voted for Reagan two times, and in the last year of his reign I get the above. Who should I vote for now?

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a young conservative I am acutely aware of the leftward tilt in today's popular culture. However, I do occasionally happen upon something encouraging. I want to share my most recent discovery with you.

There is a line in Bruce Springsteen's most recent song, "Tunnel of Love" (from the album of the same name), that sounds familiar to me. He sings that, "You have got to learn to live with what you can't rise above." Compare this, if you will, with James Burnham's Tenth Law, "If there's no alternative, there's no problem."

I don't know, Mr. Buckley. Is there hope?

As always,
David N. Taylor
Huntingdon, Pa.

Dear Mr. Taylor: Hadn't ever thought of B. Springsteen as the enemy, but he is certainly making common sense. By the way, Burnham's Tenth Law is borrowed from Robert Warshow, who coined the aphorism JB adopted as one of his laws. Cordially,
WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A Texas jury has found *Soldier of Fortune* magazine was "grossly negligent in publishing an ad that led to a contract murder and must pay $9.4 million to the victim's family." The plaintiffs claimed "that publication of the ad led to Mrs. Black's death."

If this ruling should eventually be upheld by the Supreme Court, imagine the possibilities. All of the victims of Lenin/Stalin/Soviet Communism may be able to collect damages from the *New York Times* (and other papers) thanks to the "reporting" of Walter Duranty and other "cooperative journalists." Perhaps even the papers and news services which employed any reporters who were actually duped can also be held responsible. More recently the *NYT* had Herbert L. Matthews as chief publicist/apologist for Fidel Castro. Think of all those victims (perhaps including victims in Nicaragua, El Salvador, etc.). Maybe the three TV networks can be held responsible for the outcome in Southeast Asia for depicting the Tet Offensive as a U.S. defeat rather than a victory. What fun. Let's begin combing the files. Wonder how much insurance they carry? Are there enough lawyers to go around?

Sincerely,
Andrew Eiseman
Englewood, Colo.

Dear Mr. Eiseman: We hope so. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the wake of the Contra fiasco, I came across a statement written by Teddy Kennedy. It stated: "No sane society should stand by while its enemies arm themselves—whether those enemies are adversaries abroad or criminals at home."

My question then is: Is Teddy Kennedy finally, after all these years, admitting he is insane?

Politically yours,
Edward T. Cutter
La Salle University
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Cutter: Excuses, excuses. Cordially, —**WFB**

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TWO SOCIALIST VICTORIES

With the rise of Margaret Thatcher and Helmut Kohl, and with François Mitterrand's flirtation with centrism, it has come to be widely believed that socialism is on its way out in Western Europe. The title of a recent book—*Is Socialism Doomed? The Meaning of Mitterrand*, by Daniel Singer (the European correspondent for *The Nation*, no less)—has a definitely post-mortem air. Two important elections held last month, however, give us reason to think again.

In the May 8 elections in the West German state of Schleswig-Holstein, 54 per cent of the vote went to the Social Democratic Party (which is much farther to the left than in the days of Helmut Schmidt). The SPD now has control of the provincial parliament, which Chancellor Kohl's Christian Democratic Union had dominated for the past 38 years.

How did this shift come about? For one thing, most of the voters in this "rustbelt" state "up there" on the Danish border are members of the Evangelical Church of Germany—which in recent years has become, for all practical purposes, a dependency of the Social Democratic Party on the federal level. The head of the church, in fact, is a Social Democratic member of the Diet in Bonn, and the spirit of socialism permeates the ministry. What the people of Schleswig-Holstein hear from Evangelical pulpits certainly played a role in the electoral upset.

But the major reason for the CDU's rout was the most appalling case of political corruption in the German Federal Republic's history. Uwe Barschel, the leader of the Schleswig-Holstein CDU, had accused his Social Democratic adversary, Björn Engholm, of all manner of sexual perversions and financial misdeeds. But just as the case against Engholm was coming to a point, Barschel's public-relations agent confessed to the news magazine *Der Spiegel* that he had forged the evidence on which the accusations were based. Barschel swore the man was a liar, but Barschel was subsequently found drowned (presumably, though not certainly, a suicide) in the bathtub of a Swiss hotel. The resulting scandal brought an end to the Christian Democratic hegemony in Schleswig-Holstein.

Meanwhile, in France, also on May 8, Socialist President François Mitterrand won re-election with 54 per cent of the vote, defeating a challenge from the Gaullist prime minister, Jacques Chirac. "Well," said an Austrian political leader, "the better conservative has won." I would not call him the better conservative, but the remark is not unfounded. As I have noted previously in *NR* (June 6, 1986), at heart Mitterrand is no socialist. Rather, this scion of a *grand bourgeois* family is an extremely ambitious man with vague ideological ties, who simply loves politics. At the time, I predicted that the so-called *cohabitation*—the deal by which Mitterrand and Chirac were to share power, as leaders of opposing parties, in France's two chief political offices—might work. (Here it must be remembered that Mitterrand had previously collaborated with Marshal Pétain, head of the Vichy government, as well as with de Gaulle.)

And, indeed, Mitterrand demonstrated his ability to gain not only the cooperation but the support of what in American terms would be called conservatives, by assuming the role of a kind of umpire, a political "neutral," a man dedicated not to Karl Marx but to France and Europe. He scarcely campaigned against Chirac, reserving his hostility for Jean-Marie Le Pen, leader of the nativist National Front.

Chirac's defeat was particularly embarrassing since it came shortly after he had managed to arrange the liberation of three French hostages in Lebanon and 23 French *gendarmes* captured by leftist rebels in New Caledonia—two victories from which he seems, in the end, to have benefited little. Le Pen himself was probably less disappointed by the results of the election, since he and his party have a great interest in seeing France's Socialists remain in power: had Chirac defeated Mitterrand, the National Front would have lost its status as France's leading party of protest, and thus much of its appeal to disgruntled working-class Frenchmen. So long as the crime rate and unemployment remain high and France's unassimilated North Africans continue to proliferate, Le Pen's future looks bright.

Meanwhile, Mitterrand proved quite able to attract voters to his political left. He had long been convinced that he could revitalize the Socialist Party by stealing working-class voters from the Communists. In the run-off election of May 8, he did just that, winning most of the votes that in the first round had been cast for leftist, including Communist, candidates.

So, what's next for France? Mitterrand's decision, following his own victory, to call new elections (scheduled for June 5 and 12) for the National Assembly, shows a great deal of courage and optimism. Needless to say, the less risky, and perhaps wiser, thing to do would have been to continue the *cohabitation*. But Mitterrand chose to gamble, and, in contrast to the serene presidential campaign, these elections have been fought with bitterness and fanaticism.

As I write, the outcome is by no means certain. An absolute Socialist majority is unlikely, but not out of the question. A relative majority with the tacit or open support of the Communists would mean a quasi-return to "popular front" government. And if the Right wins, the *cohabitation* will continue—but with Mitterrand forced to tread more cautiously than if he had not called the elections at all. □

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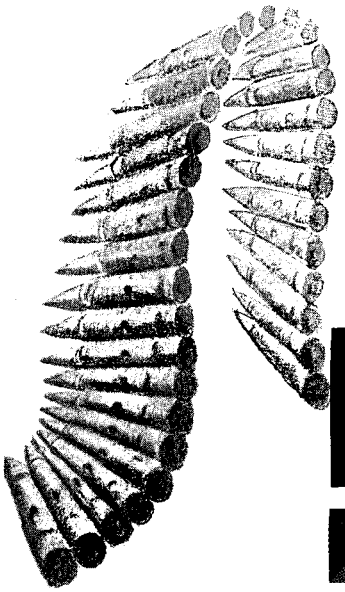

PORTRAIT OF A REVOLUTION

DEE RIVERS STIMPSON

WAITING TO pass muster in Managua's immigration room is a lot like being in Purgatory—patience or prayer seems the only way out. The air stinks of old coughs and cheap smoke. A teller riffles off the mandatory exchange of U.S. $60 to 1,200,000 *córdobas*. Bill Haley and the Comets blast from an unseen speaker; a militiaman stands at tin-soldier attention, one stray toe tapping to "Rock around the Clock." I win release into an odd, ripe-lime twilight. Next to a wall, a mother in combat boots and camouflage fatigues ties a rumpled red ribbon in her baby girl's hair. On the road, faces line the cracked windows of old buses that lurch and exhale the black exhaust of bad petrol. A small car screeches to a stop. On its dented side, scrawled in purple, are three words: "COLT LANCER CAB." The driver, a yellowish fellow with flyaway hair and faraway eyes, emerges. Around his cigarette he grins, showing bad teeth and blue gums. He pries open the door with a screwdriver and says, "*Bienvenido a Nicaragua!*"

He takes me to Hotel Bolonia, a hostelry orphan, shabby but, for only $20 a night, close to clean. Because the exterior door remains locked, there is a bell to ring, and a peephole to pass. The lobby is small and seedy, with a firefly ceiling bulb and a little metal desk that holds a temperamental telephone. Along the back wall is a grand but vacant counter of carved wood. Once a private home, Hotel Bolonia has a past more genteel than its present, and more promising than its future.

In my room, there is an iron bedstead weeping rust, thin sheets, a private bar of soap, a precious roll of toilet paper, and a spurt-of-cold-water shower, except on Tuesdays and Fridays when there is no water at all. But compared to the press-happy, over-priced Hotel Intercontinental, the Bolonia looks good. And the Bolonia has Linda.

Linda is the desk girl, who warms to customers and smiles through blackouts. She negotiates with passing street vendors, so hungry guests can eat. On nights out, Linda is the money manager, flirt-thwarter, cab-hailer, and direction-giver. She knows permissible streets and black-market narrows, and addresses men with a natural sass.

Dee Rivers Stimpson is a freelance writer living in Winter Park, Florida.

Linda is a Bluefields girl, who was bright enough to earn a scholarship to Colegio Moravo, the only private high school in Managua. Bright, yes, but not lucky enough to leave Nicaragua when she wanted. As the receptionist at Hotel Bolonia, she earns 600,000 *córdobas* (about U.S. $8) a month, plus employee meals (of beans, rice, an occasional egg, and fruit), and an elemental upstairs cubicle with an open-air wall, a narrow cot, and a free-standing commode.

Linda is twenty years old and wants to go shopping: "I would like sometime to buy a blouse. This shirt I am wearing—it is not my style or size, but I am grateful to the nice lady guest who gave it to me. And a girl from Panama sent me these golden shoes." But shoes are $20 a pair and generic jeans as much, and utility underwear goes for $4. It takes a long time, no emergencies, constant good health, and a magician to build a wardrobe in Nicaragua.

"You have more curl?" she asks.

Mascara.

She vanishes for a moment and re-emerges with eyelashes swabbed thick and black. She is lovely, and delighted with the Wonder Girl Wand that is now hers. In exchange, there's a night in a local reggae disco where cheap beer and deep-beat music drown the sirens' whine. On the wall are murals of musicians and posters of American rock stars, while on the dance floor, bodies writhe in the hot red glow of overhead spots. If the bladder can't wait, there's a urine corner in the back hall, and intentional splatters find the pressed cuffs of police who cruise the room from time to time, twitching to fight and listening, listening.

"Everyone here is anti-revolution," Linda whispers; then, "Watch." There is a general exhibition of a hand-jive routine. "It's a code," she says. "They are all Contra kids."

For the moment, all the flash and rhythm seem to help. But days later, as I leave, Linda dreams aloud of Florida schools, a husband, even a baby. But not here. Not now.

THE WALLS inside the Church of the Revolution boast another kind of mural: of martyrs of the revolution. In a version of the Resurrection, a black man lifts a scarlet cross, not with the bent shoulders of hard labor,

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but with a defiant burst of a militant spirit. At the altar, Father Molina, Priest of the Revolution, begins the Mass for peace. Behind him, local guitarists hammer out a hymn —"Though the days pass, though the years pass, we must keep the fire, keep the flame, keep the fight—in El Salvador! Yes! Yes! In Guatemala! Yes! Yes! In Nicaragua! Yes! Yes!"

The sermon is short, some accounts of Biblical struggle against oppression and some promises of earthly reward for communal struggle against the demon. Then there is the stammering testimonial of a *campesino* from a remote district, giving thanks for deliverance from pogroms, then an offertory that brings the poorest to the basket with pittances, and finally a careful Communion where trembling tongues receive wafers of the Flesh, but no Blood of the Lamb is poured. Neighbor turns and holds neighbor. Little children are suffered to hug strangers. The congregation sings, "We Shall Overcome." Finally, even pacifist visitors, teary, are ready to take up arms.

The Mass is ended. Go in peace.

In Managua it is not easy to go anywhere: a mile-long line of vehicles wraps three times around the block that holds the gas station. The drivers have waited the day; now, provisioned with cold tortillas and warm beer, they prepare to wait the night for their five-gallon ration of petrol.

Suddenly an entourage of sleek cars zips past at full speed, fender flags snapping smartly in the breeze, leaving a thin powder of dust on citizen cars. There is a palpable fury. The first stone pings the old gas pump, perhaps accidentally. It silences talk. The second stone, not accidentally, thuds on the gas attendant's back. The crowd holds, then it thrills. A cabbie pins the attendant against the wall. Drivers swarm—damn the torpedoes, fill the tanks! Car after truck after taxi, again, again, again, until the well dries. Startled police do not act. It is not a propitious time for bad press. And so the people's sweet, brief rebellion against their dry existence passes, unremarked beyond that street.

In the midnight street, a hennaed whore stands on the curb, one hip cocked, black skirt hiked. She sports a yellow Dallas Cowboys sweatshirt, and her red heels hold their ground when the law drives by. She sucks her teeth, flashes dull gold dentures, and shows some leg. The cops show their appreciation; she slips them U.S. dollars. "It is the way here," she tells me and shrugs.

It is the way everywhere.

"More here. Them *policía*, big black-market bankers, payola American dollars only. Makes a hard night for me —*Nicaragüeños* got no dollars, *córdobas* neither—sometimes a German does me nice."

In the morning street the hennaed whore stands on the sidewalk. She calls the song of the food vendor over cut cabbage, yams, chicken, mango. Glistening iridescent flies, fat with eggs, settle happily on her blood sausage and drop their burden onto a grease slick. Remembering the camaraderie of last night, she offers the gift of a sausage, served on a folded palm frond. "See how it is? All night I work. All day I work."

Next to her table, three small boys panhandle for pencils. She sits on an old crate, props her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand, and looks at her brood. "No money for their school."

But the government says education is free, no tuition.

"Books got to be bought, though, and uniforms. The boy will not stay much in school. He tells me all he hears is lessons of the Revolution. He will take to the streets and then to the army. The army says it likes the young ones because they have energy. But when they fight, they will lie where they die; they are not brought home to their mothers. My Ramón was in his 14th year . . ."

Of Nicaragua's population of three million, nearly 75 per cent are children between the ages of ten and 16. Boys ten years or older are forbidden to leave the country. Eighteen is the age for mandatory military service, but parents say the army claims much younger boys.

Masaya, a small city 26 miles southeast of Managua, is the country's souvenir capital. Artisans grind away at stone objets d'art, wood carvings, pottery—they work for pennies to support their children. Tonight they fight to save them.

"You cannot have my boy!" A mother screams and pelts the Sandinista Youth office with rocks from both hands. A crowd behind her blocks army trucks that wend their way through the streets picking up young men.

Fathers and brothers push to police headquarters, smash windows, burn cars, and yell, "No more! No more!"

A man stands in the midst of violent litter and weeps. "Everyone has betrayed us. Masaya decided the war for the Sandinistas. And now this. They cannot have any more of my sons! They promised us a democracy, everybody always promises democracy."

Tonight, thirty men are successfully conscripted. The Sandinistas blame the protest on sentimental parents and old-guard Somozans. Two hundred troopers guard the city and a passing police car blares with Radio Sandino—"Warning! Do not let the right-wing radicals take the street!"

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Later, the Minister of the Interior, Tomás Borge, said to the party newspaper *Barricada*, "It was nothing. Don't print it."

IN MATAGALPA the early-morning fog lifts; tired children shuffle through the streets calling wares. From the thin stagnant stream that bisects the village, pampered pigs —future wealth—demand breakfast. Men queue outside the split-board door of Carlos the cobbler. They wait a turn to have him trace their feet on old newspaper.

"When will they be ready?" one wants to know.

"Two months," Carlos tells him.

"Two months?" the man yells. "Two months for two shoes?"

"The quota," Carlos tells him, while turning to the next customer. "I have first to finish the quota."

A ONETIME beef and coffee baron stands before a little blue pipe cross, hammered into the ground beneath the bleached corpse of a huge roadside tree. A crude sign bears the epitaph: 5 MÁRTIRES, CAÍDOS POR LA GENOSIDA GUARDIA SOMOCISTA, 18-6-79. He crosses himself and mutters a prayer for the dead.

"One of those martyrs was my nephew, only a boy, really. Somoza's gang cut their throats and shoved them into this hole here. It was a long time I was against Somoza. In those years we thought, 'Nothing could be so bad as this.' Well, now we know. Now we have something worse. There are many case histories that document Sandinistan human-rights violations as horrible as any. Those of us who worked to get rid of Somoza thought if we could attain democracy we could expand the middle class, the trickle effect, do you call it? I can only say, we bought the rhetoric."

In the evening he stands on a hilltop near his house. He takes a swallow of old Nicaraguan rum doused with lime, and reflects on the sweet days past and his dear, sweet wife in a distant land. Below, the village is utterly quiet and dark, except for a meekly lit hovel where some people clap a rhythm and sing Spanish gospel songs.

"Kismet," he sighs.

THE *pensión* is typical in that it houses a portion of Nicaragua's three thousand Soviet advisors. Those living here are agriculturists. There are 14 of them, no-nonsense types, quick with industry, and flush with the high color of country work. There are six married couples among them, and a sharp-eyed supervisor. The unmarried couple is from Georgia. Lovers, they keep separate quarters and touch with music and considerable discretion. Only she speaks English.

The power is out. The early-evening kitchen is lit by a low lamp burning a skimpy wick and portioned kerosene. Four Soviet women, in flower-garden dresses and babushkas, move about the room with squarish grace. The youngest of them, arms dusty with flour, pats *achma* into a baking dish.

She speaks of country recipes, of customs, of mountains and myths, and of the vigorous elders in her homeland who enjoy 120 years of life "because they matter, and are respected." Later, on a candle-lit porch, there are sweets and songs and toasts to the American people and world peace.

In after-midnight privacy, behind her locked door, the couple sings for the stranger sad folk lyrics to the music of a cheap guitar. No one speaks of politics. With endless hospitality, the woman keeps glasses full of cold ginger water, sets out nuggets of bread and cheese and butterscotch.

But she does inquire about American music, and asks if there are myths of heroes, and wants to know about schools, work, men, women, animals, plants, oceans—there is one wistful question about freedom of movement. And she talks and she sings until exhaustion forces her eyes into sudden sleep.

SANDINISTAN infantry troops are nearly 100,000 strong, with 250,000 in active reserve, and sport Soviet-made weapons and rocket-launchers. Trained by Cubans, East Germans, and North Koreans, the soldiers prowl on search-and-destroy missions, hunting for anti-government militia. They board Soviet-supplied helicopter gunships, the tough MI-17 assault craft. Nicaragua's air force enjoyed a 70 per cent growth rate last year; most of its airplanes are twin-propeller AN-26s, converted, by use of a simple bracket system, into bombers.

Contra commander-in-chief Enrique Bermudez jockeys the jeep up a cratered road, into a moonscape. On the seat beside him is a stack of photographs, Contra soldiers fresh from the field, with bright stubs of their thighs dangling, arms blasted, exploded genitalia nicely swaddled in cotton and gauze. The Sandinistas claim to have killed four thousand Contras in 1986, 4,813 in 1987, and to have only six thousand to go. But—"There are 16,000 of us," Bermudez says. "We have no conscription. And it is logistically difficult for sympathizers to reach us. But we have strong support in the villages, good intelligences from civilians."

And a high mortality rate among them.

"This has been a fact of this war, but we are also the target of much propaganda. For example, if we have a *campesino* family giving assistance and the Sandinistas suspect this, when a Contra approaches, the enemy will hide in the house, fire, then use the civilian as a shield. It is death by crossfire, not by Contra cut-throats."

And what of the allegation that *comandantes* have made this war a mission of the man-child?

"The Contras cannot afford the morale of forced ranks. In other words, we do not snatch children and put a gun to their backs and one in their hands. That is not to say that we do not have young teen volunteers. But the Sandinistas use young ones in the front lines for several reasons. They draw the first fire and reveal our position for the more skilled soldiers behind them. And, of course, then there is created the propaganda that we are children-killers. It is very difficult to determine, under battle conditions, whether the person shooting at you is 14 or forty."

Destination now is Mrs. William Casey's rehabilitation camp for maimed Contra soldiers. Bermudez takes a tight turn and passes through an iron gate and into a walled courtyard of a rundown villa. Dressed in donated clothing, stiff, and limping with prostheses, the men cluster around their chief and salute him, shake his hand. It is obvious

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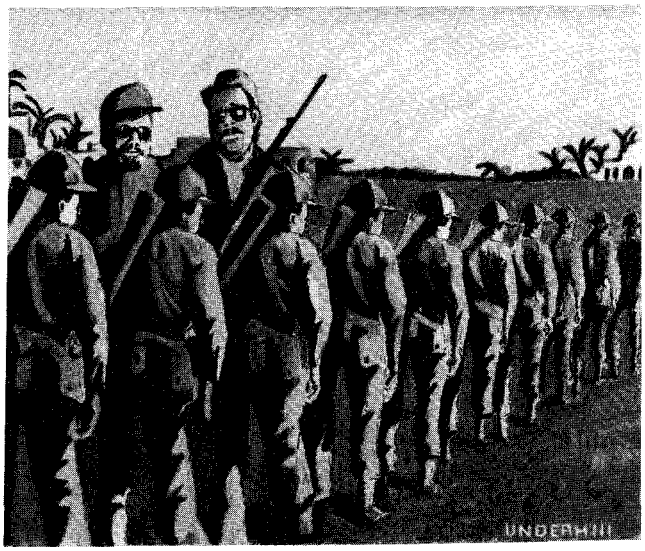

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that Enrique Bermudez is father, brother, confidant, as well as *comandante*.

He proceeds with a ritual. Someone fetches a piece of paper, tears it into bits. Bermudez turns his back and scribbles the letter "R" on four paper scraps and puts the whole batch back into his cap, stirs them, passes the hat among his men. They giggle like schoolboys, take turns at the draw. Four lucky ones wave winning pieces for a small transistor radio. They chortle, snap their fingers. There are no batteries, too dear, but no matter; for now they are content to carry the radios, to have a special place of honor for them in the musty lightless quarters.

Bermudez points to a young man, code-name Jehu, in a wheelchair, who is holding the attention of the group. "He is 19 now, but he volunteered for duty when he was just 14, after his family was murdered. He took three shells to his spine that first year and will never walk again. But he stays. He likes to make the men laugh," says Bermudez. "He tells them now of his dream."

Jehu says, "Last night I had a dream that I was whole again, back in the battle." His listeners nod, mutter congratulations as if the story were real. "Except this time I am killed." The listeners shake their heads, look at the ground. "But," Jehu tells them, his eyes sly, "I take four enemy with me!" The listeners brighten, grin.

"Well, when I arrive in Heaven God says to me, 'Jehu, you are welcomed here, but these other four are not allowed in Heaven.' He tells me, as a reward, I get to drive these four to Hell in a very fancy car!" The listeners love it. "But there is a problem. When I arrive at the gates of Hell, the devil meets me and sees who it is I have brought to him. He says to me, 'Jehu, I cannot accept these four men into Hell.' " The listeners are spellbound.

" 'Well, Devil, why not?' I say. 'Because, Jehu, they are Sandinistas and if I let them into Hell, they will confiscate it!' " The crowd erupts with laughter, much hooting; heads bob in agreement.

Later, in a safe *cantina*, Bermudez is asked if there is one request he would make of the American people.

He replies: "Humanitarian assistance for the Contra families and supporters who have been forced by the war into refugee camps."

In December of 1982 the United Nations High Commission on Refugees began to provide support to the first group of Nicaraguan refugees entering Honduras. During 1983, by some reports, the number of refugees increased 600 per cent. By the end of 1987, almost 28,000 refugees from Nicaragua had streamed across the border. Their living conditions are sub-spartan—huts not much bigger than out-houses cower on acres of dusty Honduran back-country. The refugees scratch out straggly crops of beans and rice, but harvests are too small for self-sufficiency. There are no statistics on the effects of six years behind barbed wire on the human spirit.

"I just close my eyes and try to remember, then I try to get it on my canvas before I forget." Eighteen-year-old Ronald Bellorini signs his paintings, "*Refugiado en Jacaleapa, Refugio #10.*"

But this pitiful settlement at Jacaleapa is paradise compared to those outside the UN system. Example: Nicaraguan Indians, caught by thousands in the crossfire, flee from their sea-marsh homeland to the alien red mountains. There are women here, seeking water, mired in the shallow mud of drying river-beds like flies in soft butter. They despair of ever quieting thirsty babies, or of feeding them, or of cleaning them, and so offer them as gifts to a stranger.

To walk is to become more of the picture and less of the observer; the passing through is different somehow. The foothills of the Cordillera Entre Ríos are gullied and sere and do not look capable of hiding a hare. But, scattered across the plains, soldiers watch from stilted lookouts, like hunters on deer stands, to spot movement in the scrub.

At a bridge, a Sandinista soldier says, "Let me teach you how to make love the Sandinistan way. Then you can take me to Miami and I can meet your friends."

Thank you—flattered, I'm sure; but no.

"Hey, I went to school in the States. I graduated from high school in Fort Lauderdale," he says in suddenly perfect English.

Then why . . .

He shrugs. "This is easier. I'd have to go back to school there. I could probably get rich, but I'd have to work my buns off. . . . Sure you don't want to . . . ?" He adds a couple of pelvic punctuations. "I'll make it a story for you." He jiggles his eyebrows.

Real sure, thanks.

"You know, you are crazy, *mucho demente*. What if some baaad hombre, some craaazy Contra—"

Or some macho Sandinista?

He likes this salvo, holds his arms behind his head and does a short grinding dance step. "You mean much-o mach-o Sandinist-*o*!"

Only in Latin America. How old?

"April Fool's Day I'll be twenty . . ."

Eighteen.

"Well, nineteen."

In the distance an army truck is rumbling toward us like a charging rhino. Lover settles back at his post. "What about tonight? What are you going to do about tonight? There's nothing out here for thirty miles. Maybe you can get a ride on the troop truck. Let me see what I can do."

No. Sleeping out is fine.

"Sleeping out? *Sleeping out?* Where do you think you

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are? Yogi Bear Campground?" He is very loud. But he calms and stares.

Then, "Naw, you'll be all right. Latin men won't bother you. On the other hand, if you run into an American advisor . . ."

The truck bringing his replacement is very close.

"But listen," he says under his breath. "After the next two miles, don't wander off the road. And don't mess around the bridges at all. *Comprende?*"

Mines.

Then quickly, "What's your name again?"

His is Johnny.

"Hey, when all this has had it," he waves toward the plains, "I'm supposed to get foreign duty—maybe I'll get Miami!"

This is a joke, right?

"I'll look you up," he says in perfect Spanish.

IN THE LAST LIGHT, they are like images on undeveloped film and still, so still, at the approach of a stranger. But, finally, the woman moves, lights a stack of *jicaro* branches. A boy in middle childhood and a younger girl hang back. Then, as vision adjusts to the dimness—a man, lying on his left side in a ditch.

"*Siéntense,*" the woman said, pointing to a log for sitting by the fire. The little girl came with a gourd of cold rice and pieces of palm for plates. It is another expression of the supreme hospitality of the *Nicaragüenses* that even the eat-dirt poor will give their last to a stranger.

The man looks very sick.

"He is dying." Her Spanish is slow, calm—perhaps tired.

Stupidly, I ask, Has he been to a doctor?

She, kindly, is philosophical: "He is dying. He does not need a doctor."

They have been together four years. They met in the rubble of a firefight that leveled several villages near the Honduran border. He was an old man then, and she was a Contra widow, pregnant by rape. They were kind to each other during those first days, and it was natural that they became nomads together, their direction determined by war and weather.

In some year the man had served in some army and had consequently inherited a small, green, shot-up tent that became their home. When her baby was born, she named her Juanita, to honor the old man, Juan. They have been in this spot for some months. They homesteaded a plot, 12 feet by 12, by picking enough stones to make a clearing and a short wall against the wind.

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Wouldn't he be more comfortable in the tent?

"He tells me to leave him where he is. He likes to watch the children play in the daytime. He likes to watch the stars at night. He says he would stink the tent."

The ditch is a washout from when it used to rain or from when it rained hard once. Beneath the man, for insulation against the ground, she has placed an old torn innertube she salvaged from a wreck by the side of the road.

The boy's job is to keep the flies off Juan's face and to lie against him during the night to provide a warmer sleep. This is a hard bed, this orange earth. But there is a fire here. And these people are here. And the dependable light of the moon.

Juan's breath sounds like scuttling dry leaves. Inside the tent, the woman hears and moves to him. There are murmurs. She sends the boy to her bed and, herself, lies against the old man's back. He reaches around for her hand.

The *vendana* is a rusty wind, thick and steady. It comes up now, and stirs the chill as tomorrow it will stir the heat. Beneath its harsh breath, Juan's ceases.

No! Listen, move out of the way! I can do something! I know CPR!

His mouth feels like sandpaper, tastes like spoiled eggs.

"Leave him alone," she says. "He is dead, let him be dead."

I do not know the etiquette for this death.

The woman is removing his clothes. She hands them to me to fold. First thoughts: This is indecent. Then: God! Of course—this woman needs every thread.

"He said I was to leave him in the ditch after he died. It was a thought for me. I could not have moved him. I could not have made a grave."

Daylight is an astonishment. The children gather rocks. We scoop dirt with an old fender, and eventually Juan is buried.

I suggest a cross, just out of branches.

"No. Juan said not to mark him. There are plunderers."

The woman disappears into the tent and emerges with an old cigar box. We sit on the fireside log and she opens the box. There is an old Polaroid print, the color faded to a wash, and the stub of a black cigarette. She lights up and draws deeply and passes it to me. The smoke sears. She takes the cigarette, pinches its fire, and puts it back in the cigar box. Then she holds out the photograph. It is of Juan.

"It is when he was young. He made a holiday. Here is him in the market in Tegucigalpa." And there stands Juan, surrounded by stalls, peering out from dangling strings of chicken feet and tin cups and stacks of beef tongue, and cheese sacks made of cows' teats. She returns the picture to the box and sits quietly for a long time. Suddenly she looks around for the children and relaxes when she sees them scavenging for wood.

She stands and walks to the tent, bends to enter, but first turns and says, "*Gracias.*"

I never see her again. As my walk begins, the little homestead under the *jicaro* trees looks the same, except for the dirt, the sticks, and the stones that cover the old *campesino.* □

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THE WEST'S BEST FRIEND

WERE I AN academic, I should be tempted to assign an International Relations paper on either of the following lines:

1. Stalin was the West's best friend. Discuss.

2. Stalin was:

(*a*) a monster and tyrant

(*b*) a great national leader

(*c*) a good Leninist

Delete inapplicable option(s). Discuss.

The second paper (though tricky) is the easier of the two. The correct answer, in this examiner's view, is: all three. Stalin was (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*).

But seriously, if we want to understand Mikhail Gorbachev, especially at Summit times, it would be a useful exercise to try to grasp the real significance of Stalin. Let me try to relate the two men.

Stalin ran a "top secret" state. Well served by the likes of Louis Fischer and the gullibility of famous Fabians (starting with H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw), he inflicted his atrocities in the name of a future which the Fabians thought they had seen, and of which they were prepared to say that "it works."

He showed his true colors (to the outside world) three times: with the Stalin-Hitler pact, the invasion of Finland, and the colonization of Eastern Europe. None of these was an example of *glasnost*. These events were "bottom line" stuff. The abominable Nazis and the unspeakable Reds shake hands because, insults aside, they are birds of prey of the same feather; and Stalin invades little Finland, and then goes on to create an empire, because he has been an imperialist all along.

The first event, although it almost sealed the fate of our effete democracies, we soon forgave and forgot because the Hitlerian bird of prey turned on the Soviet one. That act made Stalin the West's "glorious ally." And—such are the ironies of history—just as the Hitler-Stalin pact almost sealed the fate of Western Europe, so the heroic resistance of the Red Army saved us from that same fate. The problem (as General George S. Patton was so painfully aware) was that Stalin didn't stop at Prague or Berlin. With the Red Army in attendance, he imposed Communism on Eastern Europe. Having fooled Roosevelt (and even Churchill), he helped himself to it, and nobody could stop him.

In one sense, however, Stalin went too far. He *alarmed* his erstwhile allies. FDR was no more, and Harry Truman, ably assisted by George Marshall and Dean Acheson, acted. The Marshall Plan was born, and so was NATO. One of the little-remembered turning points of the postwar period was when Stalin ordered his stooges in Czechoslovakia to cancel their plans to accept Marshall aid.

But look at the question of Stalin from another angle. To what does Western Europe owe its prosperity? Answer: the Marshall Plan. And to what does the West as a whole owe its security and survival? Answer: to NATO. It is in this sense that Stalin was the West's best friend. The mask had fallen and the monster was seen in his true colors. Stalin united the frivolous and disunited West.

Now let us look at what happens when the great Soviet deception machine, cranked and ready, churns into life. Khrushchev turns up at the 1955 Summit, smiling and clowning, and a mood called the "spirit of Geneva" is born. Fortunately, it doesn't last long. The Soviet leader, guest of President Eisenhower, forgets to secure his mask and drops the phrase, "We will bury you!" Immediately, the frivolous, disunited West starts looking to its defenses again. Just as well, as the Cuban missile crisis soon proved.

Another example. That dull, unimaginative *apparatchik* Leonid Brezhnev starts kissing ladies' hands and letting on that he likes fast cars. Helsinki happens. "Détente" is born. Western bankers fall over each other to offer loans and credits to the friendly other superpower. At interest rates lower than the inflation rate, these amount to another Marshall Plan.

And then? The mask falls again, when the Soviets move into Afghanistan. Even Jimmy Carter is shocked. He had thought that the Soviets no longer did things like that. And the American people decide they no longer want a weak and vacillating President and vote for Ronald Reagan. The result (in his first term, at least): stronger defenses, and a better understanding of the Soviet threat.

And so, to the present. The latest Soviet exponent of deception (admittedly the most skillful to date) has been succeeding remarkably well. Why, even Mrs. Thatcher told *Washington Post* readers the other day that we should "help" Mr. Gorbachev.

What does "helping" Mr. Gorbachev mean? Ask Commerce Secretary William Verity. As R. Cort Kirkwood reported [*NR*, April 29], the Red-trade lobby is at work again.

But just why should we help Mr. Gorbachev? So that, his economy rescued once again from its Leninist doldrums, he can safely resume his Leninist drive to impose bankrupt "socialism" on the rest of the world?

BETWEEN Gorbachev and Yakovlev (inventor of *glasnost*) on the one side, and Ligachev and other ideological purists on the other side, there are no differences of doctrinal substance. The differences are all about presentation: about how far disinformation should go, at home and abroad.

Personally, I would feel much safer with the hard-liners in the ascendant, as I did when Stalin's mask fell, and when Khrushchev told us he would bury us. Come back, Stalin. We need a friend. □

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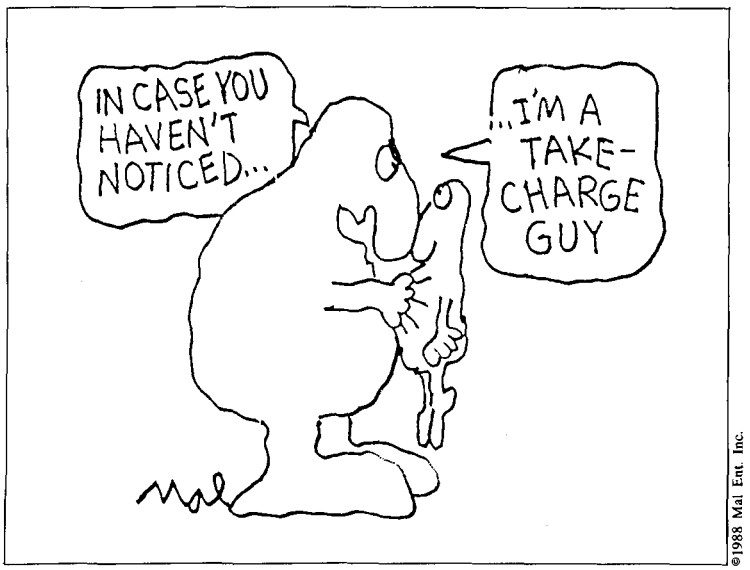
help !!!!

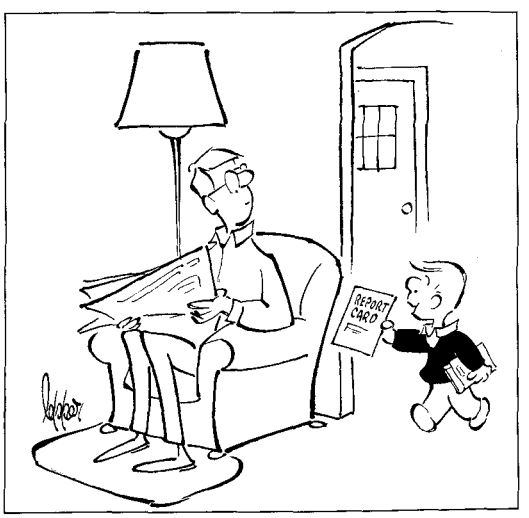


"I don't get it—if we're behind the Russians, how can they be sneaking up on us?"

Secret for How Long?

The Stealth is out, demurely blurred,
But not before Revell inferred
Enough to sell a model kit
That gave the Pentagon a fit
Some months before determined spies
Seek out the plans for Russian skies.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Good news, Pop. I'm a lame-duck fourth-grader."

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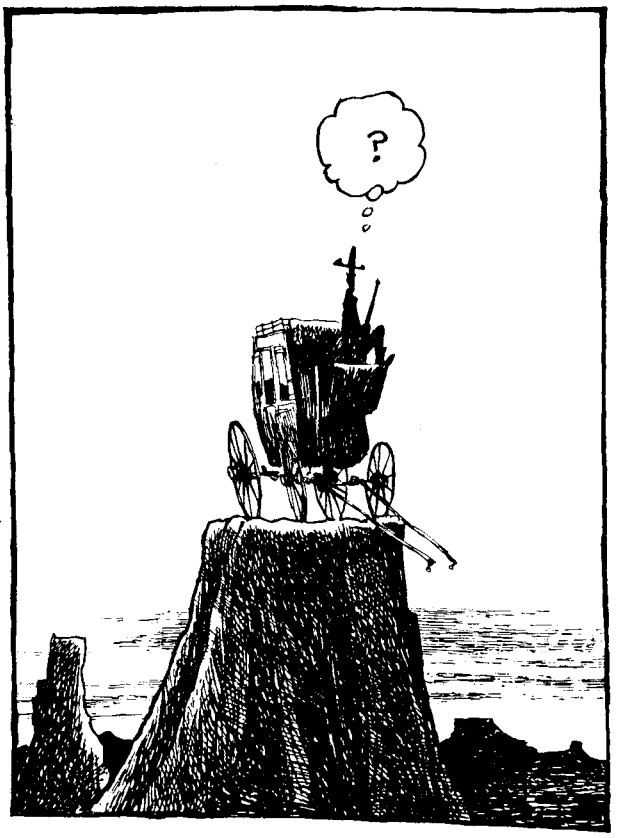
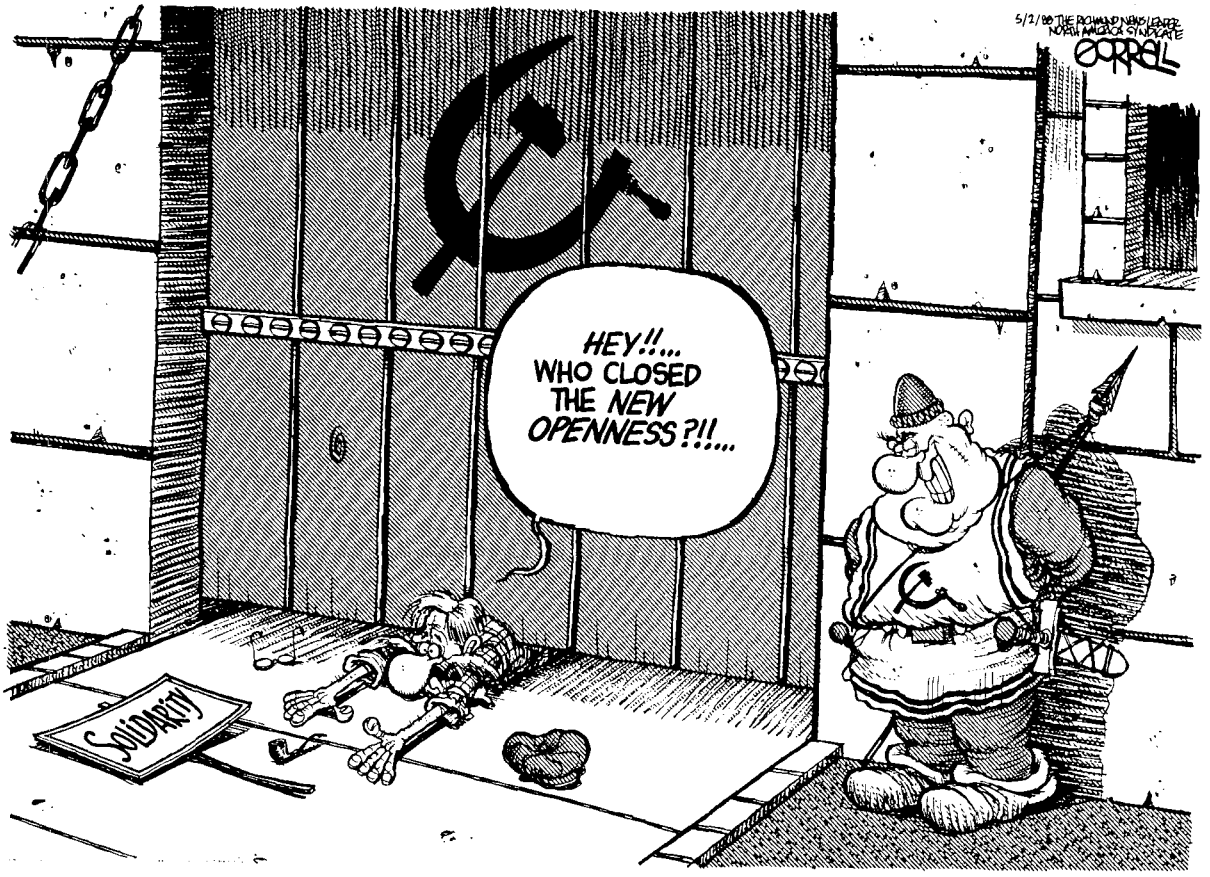
MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
WELL, GEORGE, IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE LINE FOR ME... YOU TAKE 'ER FROM HERE...
Logan's WILD WEST SHOW
COWBOYS 'n' INDIANS
REAGAN
DANCING BEARS FROM MOSCOW!
TRAINED ELEPHANTS
The Thrilling DONKEY STAMPEDE!





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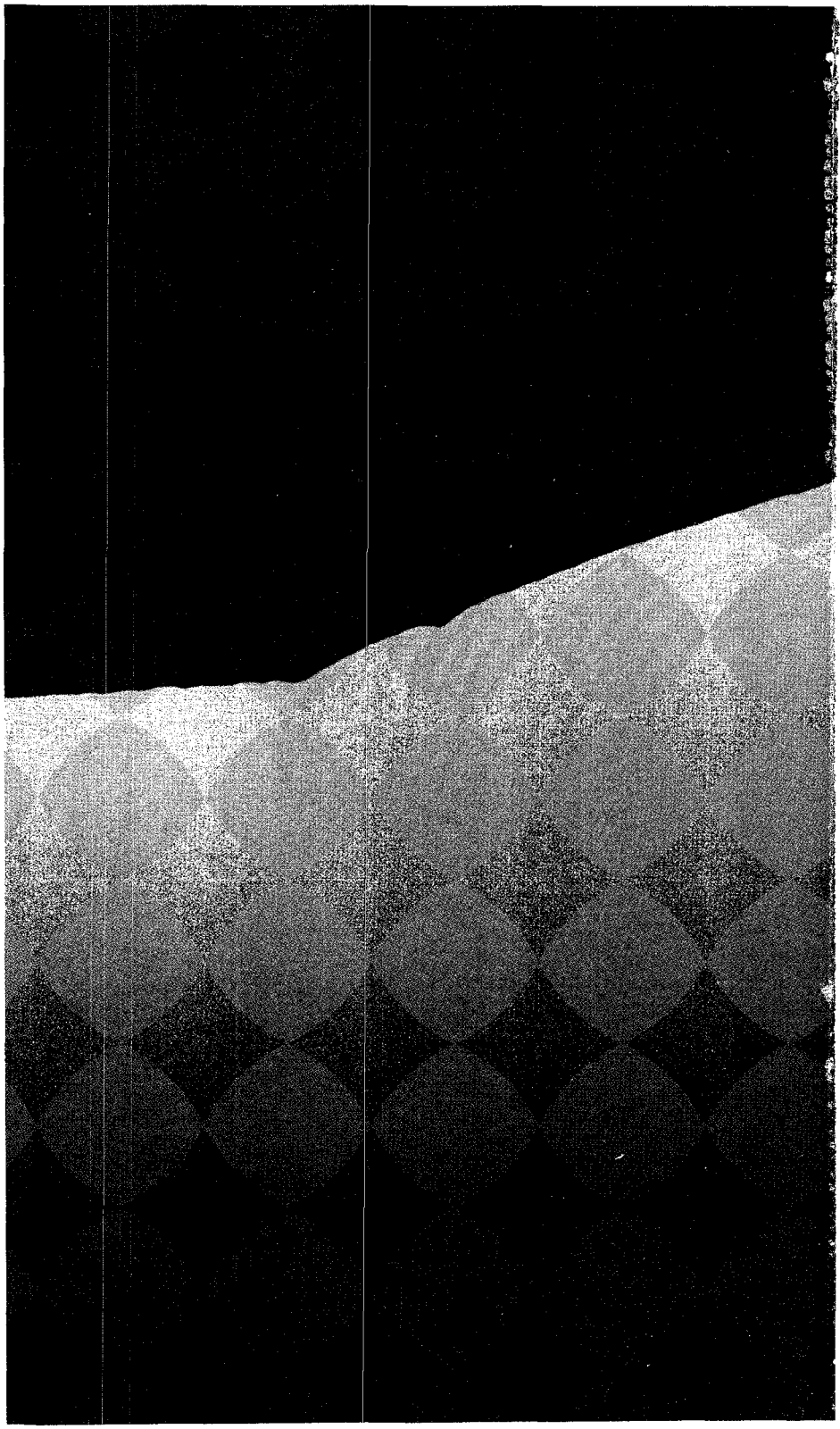
"My job is to design a home in space."



"Space research is one of the most exciting adventures in human history. But my job is to design life support systems that are completely unexciting. We want them to be thoroughly dependable, durable and fail-safe — to limit the excitement to the processes of research and discovery. Our habitation module is like a small world with closed-loop systems to recycle air and water. We've built redundancy into all critical subsystems, triple-redundancy in some cases. We've also made the living spaces pleasant, with private quarters for each crew member, windows that look to earth and beyond, and a familiar up/down reference to provide

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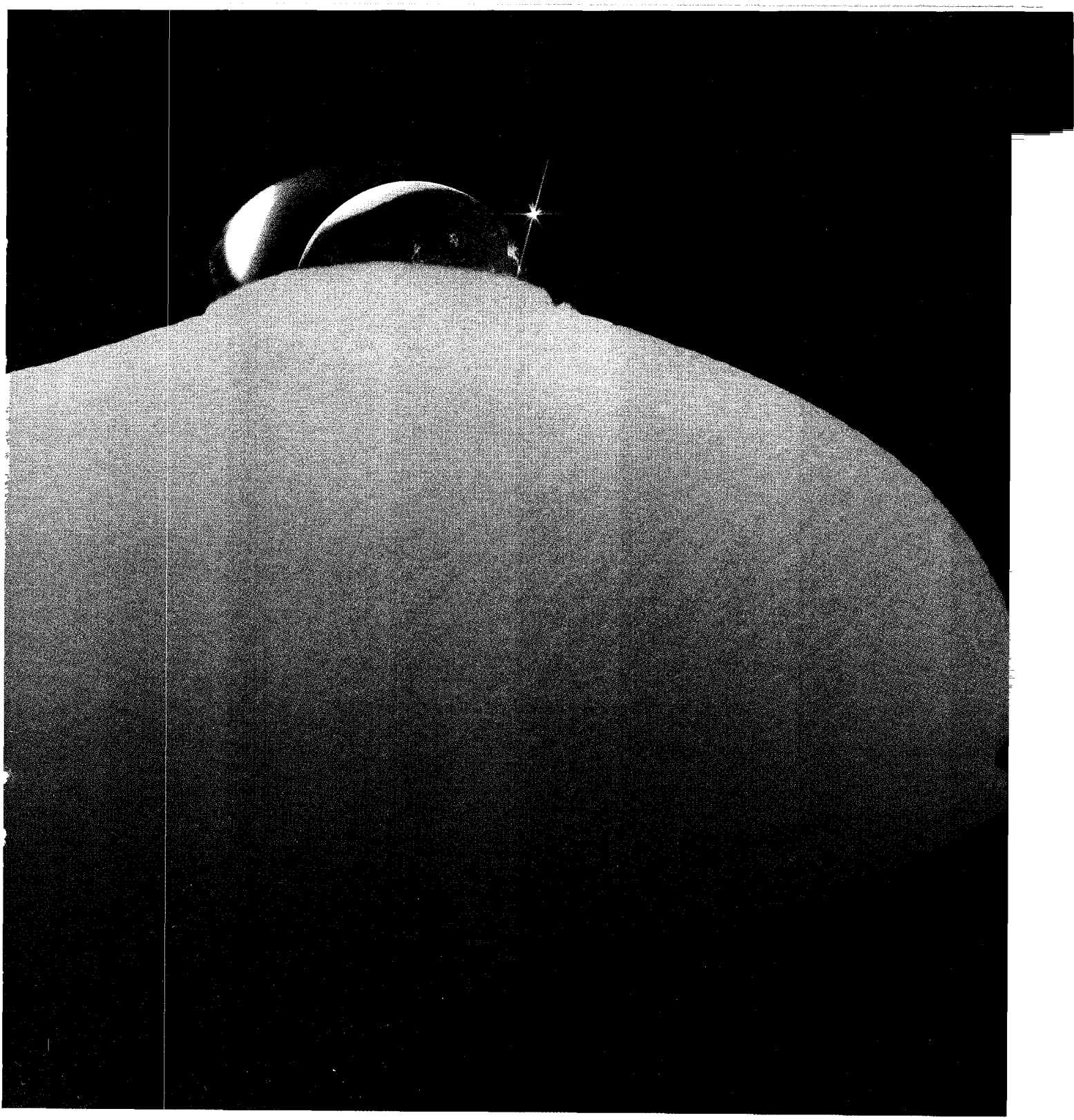

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— *Brand Griffin*
Space Station Architect
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CAPITAL BULLETINS

OUR HOUSE

THE DEMOCRATS don't just control the House of Representatives, they run it like a banana republic. Sometimes, though, you can beat a fixed game. Take the recent effort to outlaw "phone sex," a/k/a dial-a-porn.

Jesse Helms fired the opening shot over in the Senate, attaching a rider (to the School Improvement Act of 1987, or HR-5) that banned dial-a-porn flat out. The amendment passed the Senate 98 to 0. But a genuine ban on phone sex would outrage the "civil libertarian" wing of the Democratic Party, so the House leadership had to come up with a way to appear to ban dial-a-porn while actually allowing the "service" to continue.

Meanwhile, Tom Bliley (R., Va.) and I had decided that I should offer an amendment to instruct House conferees on HR-5 to support the Senate's language banning dial-a-porn. I made the mistake of waiting a week to offer this amendment (at the request of the Republican leadership) so that more members could make the roll-call vote. This gave my opponents time to develop a counter-strategy: when I arose to offer my motion, the Speaker, with Energy Committee Chairman John Dingell (D., Mich.) whispering in his ear, ignored me and entertained another motion, which, in classically bland doublespeak, instructed the conferees to "agree to language that offers a solution to the dial-a-porn problem."

No more Mr. Nice Guy. There is an obscure House rule that allows a member to offer another motion within 21 days of the appointment of the conferees, and I took advantage of it. On Tuesday, March 1, beepers went off all over the Hill with a surprise call to vote on a complete ban of dial-a-porn. This motion passed 274 to 17, with 24 members voting "present."

But the battle was only beginning. The conferees now had two sets of conflicting instructions, and while Tom Bliley was on the conference committee, so were Dingell and Ed Markey (D., Mass.). In fact, the committee never even met to discuss dial-a-porn; Dingell and Markey just had the "compromise" language inserted into the report. After such a slap in the face, Tom hopped back aboard the good ship *Collision Politics*.

If a member wants to amend a particular bill, he must go before the Rules Committee and ask that the amendment be allowed—usually the death of procedures that the House leadership disdains. Tom's request to offer the banning language as a substitute for the "compromise" language would certainly fall into this category.

Surprisingly, his request passed 6 to 5, because two Democrats, Tony Hall (D., Ohio) and Butler Derrick (D., S.C.), voted with the four Republicans. The chair recessed to "reason" with them, but they held firm. So the chairman simply waited for two more obedient Democrats to arrive. The new majority then overturned the previous vote, with a proviso that two votes would take place on the floor: a separate bill consisting of the banning language, followed by the conference report containing Dingell's "compromise" language.

The net effect? Everyone could vote for the first bill, and tell their constituents that they had opposed dial-a-porn, though that bill would die in the Senate; while the compromise language, once approved by House and Senate, would actually become law.

To frustrate this strategy, anti-porn forces needed to let the "banning language" pass and then defeat the usually routine "previous question"—under House rules, the conference report would then be open to amendment.

After a debate so fierce that Dingell attempted a minor act of censure against me, the banning language passed 380 to 22 and the "previous question" failed 131 to 272. Minority Whip Trent Lott then offered the substitute language, which passed on a voice vote. The conference report with the new banning language passed 397 to 1. The Senate passed this version the next day. Congress had banned dial-a-porn. Period.

—WILLIAM E. DANNEMEYER

THE H BABY INCIDENT

THE BAD NEWS is that the baby is dead; the good news is that the case is not. *In the Matter of Unborn Child H*—in which an Indiana court granted a father's request for an injunction prohibiting his live-in girlfriend from aborting their child—appears headed for the Supreme Court. Pro-life advocates hope the case may be the first in a series that would nibble away at *Roe* v. *Wade*, now that Justice Anthony Kennedy has replaced Justice Lewis F. Powell.

Child H was voluntarily conceived by the young lovers, but the mother soon changed her mind and decided to have an abortion. The father, offering to take custody of the child and bear all costs of pregnancy, birth, and nurture, won an injunction against an abortion; his girlfriend, defying the court order, had the abortion anyway.

In many ways, *Child H* is an ideal test case of abortion on demand. The mother's motives for having the abortion were not very persuasive, as the lower court's opinion scathingly notes: "There is no evidence of distress . . . except that [the mother] wishes to avoid childbirth, she wishes to look nice in a bathing suit this summer, her desire not to be pregnant in the *summertime*, and her desire not to share [the father] with the baby."

In addition, ruling for the father in this case would not necessarily involve the dramatic step of completely overturning *Roe*. The Court in *Roe* found

---

William E. Dannemeyer represents California's 39th Congressional District.

Michael Fumento is an attorney for the Federal Government and a former legal-affairs reporter for the Washington Times.

R. Cort Kirkwood is a writer based in Washington, D.C.

William H. Peterson is an Adjunct Scholar at the Heritage Foundation.

Correction: Nicholas Eberstadt, author of the April 29 Capital Bulletin "The Deadly Years," wishes to disown the phrase "prenatal homicides." We regret the editorial emendation. —MG

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that women have a constitutional right to an abortion—but constitutional rights apply only against the government. In this case, a private individual—the father—is asserting his countervailing rights, using the courts as one would in any breach-of-contract suit.

It is true that the Supreme Court, in *Planned Parenthood of Central Missouri* v. *Danforth* (1976), had struck down one law granting husbands an absolute veto on abortion. But the Court pointed out that that law, as written, gave an unreviewable veto to a husband who might not even be the child's father. It has never ruled that, when a court employs a case-by-case balancing test, the father's right to his child can never outweigh the woman's right to an abortion. Consequently, in order to overturn the *Child H* injunction, the Court would have to go *farther* than *Roe*: not only sustaining but extending the rights granted there. With Justice Kennedy, the Court may have five anti-*Roe* votes; if the majority prefers to overturn *Roe* in timid steps, *Child H* may be the first one.

—MICHAEL FUMENTO

MALTHUS, SCHMALTHUS

WHEN THE subject of deficit reduction comes up, Democrats and some Republicans stress tax increases, while Reaganites push for spending controls. This debate closely resembles that between Jean-Baptiste Say (1767-1832), the first supply-sider, and Thomas Malthus (1766-1834) over how to get the debt-ridden economies of post-Napoleonic Europe moving again.

For example, Malthus claimed that "when there is more capital than is necessary, . . . to recommend saving . . . is like recommending marriage to people perishing with famine." To which Say replied: "How came Mr. Malthus not to perceive that marriage gives birth to children, and consequently to new wants, whilst capitals have no wants, but, on the contrary, possess the means of satisfying them?"

Say already understood the impact of taxes and tax rates on incentives. He explained that Brazil's growth was slow because "All the efforts of the [Brazilians] are paralyzed by the government. If any branch of industry offers there the prospect of gain, it is instantly seized and stifled by the hand of power. . . . Fine encouragement this to exert productive industry!"

He similarly criticized England's protective tariffs—almost foreseeing the 1840s Irish potato famine, which would be exacerbated by the Corn Laws. "The English government, . . . by customs and import duties, refuses admission to the productions [imports] which the English might obtain by exchanges with foreigners, and even to the articles of food of which their [workers] stand so much in need; and this because it is necessary that the English farmers should sell their corn at more than eighty shillings the quarter, to enable them to pay their excessive taxes."

Above all, he saw taxation as a drag on growth: "To levy excessive duties . . . is to augment the costs of production without increasing the utility of the produce . . . and to impose a fine on production—on that which enables societies to exist."

He blamed government. "All these nations [England, France, Brazil, etc.] complain of a state of suffering into which they have been brought by their own fault; like diseased persons who bewail their maladies, and at the same time obstinately refuse to abandon the excesses which caused them."

Washington lawmakers, please take note.

—WILLIAM H. PETERSON

LOST IN THE FOG

THE EFFORTS of Congressman Pat Swindall (R., Ga.) to disrupt the Soviet spy network in the United States have run into a roadblock: the State Department, which has so far refused to comply with anti-KGB amendments to the department's budgetary authorizing legislation.

At least 25 per cent of Eastern-bloc UN personnel are spies. Stanislav Levchenko, a high-level KGB defector, argues that "the most practical means of disrupting KGB operations in America is . . . [to] limit drastically the size and operations of the huge Soviet mission to the United Nations." Taking Levchenko's advice and carrying it a

(Continues on page 53)

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CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE
Volume 3•Number 14 Box 29•Hampton, Iowa•50441 April 6, 1988

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Double-talk on Civil Rights Act

MARCH 24 — The logic of the new Civil Rights Restoration Act is not easily confined. We tend to forget not so much where the quarrel began (people are dimly aware of something called Grove City College), but what was the origin of the quarrel between that college and the Justice Department. The Justice Department said to Grove City: Proceed to execute forms A through ZZZ to satisfy us that you are not discriminating against women. *"Us discriminate against women?! You must be nuts!"* was the essence of Grove City's response. Not only did the college not discriminate against women, it had been a pioneer in matriculating women before the civil rights acts were a gleam in Hubert Humphrey's eye.

The college said it would not go to the infinite pains of executing an infinite number of forms in order to document its manifest innocence. It was as if every time you pulled out your credit card, you were required to fill out a financial statement. The Justice Department retaliated by threatening to withdraw federal financial aid to individual students attending Grove City.

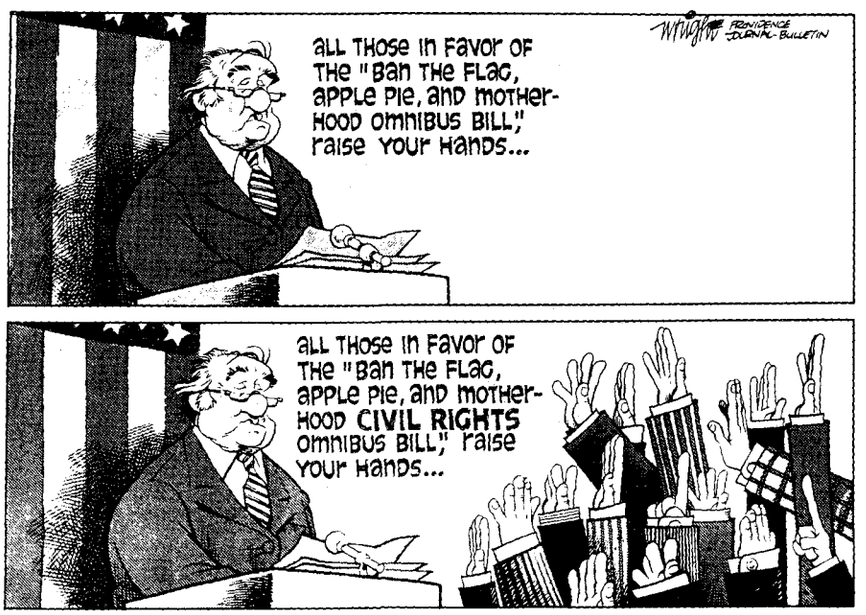
FOR YEARS the case made its way through the courts, and by the time it reached the Supreme Court, the framing of the issue had narrowed to the question: Do the formalities authorized under the Civil Rights Act apply to non-specified branches of a particular institution if the specified branch is a recipient of any form of federal aid? If a woman (or homosexual, or Hispanic, or someone handicapped) issues a complaint alleging discrimination by the basketball team (five of its members are receiving federal college loans), is the machinery of the civil rights juggernaut invocable against the chemistry department? The new law now says yes, it is.

Now, the logic that extends the coverage of the law to an entire institutional metropolis upon the lodging of a complaint against one newsstand operator isn't, as noted, easily contained. The post office runs a deficit, and therefore anyone posting a letter can be said to be a recipient of federal aid. Why then isn't every household in America subject to the civil rights laws? Why are you not asked, tomorrow, to fill out copious forms averring that you have not discriminated against your baby sitter on grounds of sex, ethnic origin or physical condition? The people who want to die at the stake to protect privacy, which has undergone an Orwellian transmogrification to define the right of a mother to kill her fetus, suddenly loses its appeal when the civil rights lobby goes into action.

THE *NEW YORK TIMES* editorial greeted the overriding of the president's veto of the Restoration Act as though the nation's hygiene had just now been confirmed by the new act. The editorial, reflecting much of the oratory in Congress, wept bitter tears contemplating the four long years that had gone by since the Supreme Court ruled on the Grove City College case — with, however, a strange and awkward failure to list the victims of the Grove City College decision. Where are they? Who are they?

And then the same editorial writer, reproaching George Bush for backing the president's veto, deplored the vice president's loyalty. "He might have gained more stature among Americans had he

Buckley continued on page 3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ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF THE "BAN THE FLAG, APPLE PIE, AND MOTHER-HOOD CIVIL RIGHTS OMNIBUS BILL," RAISE YOUR HANDS...
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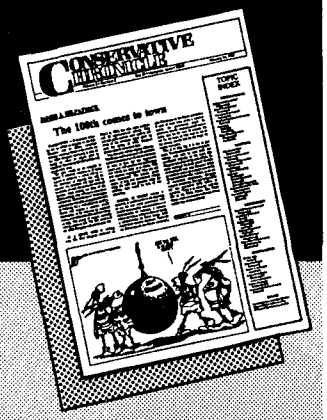

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George Will
Jeane Kirkpatrick
Herb Schmertz
William F. Buckley Jr.
Joseph Sobran
Charlie Reese
Norman Podhoretz
Gen. Henry Mohr
Don Feder
Anthony Lejeune
R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.
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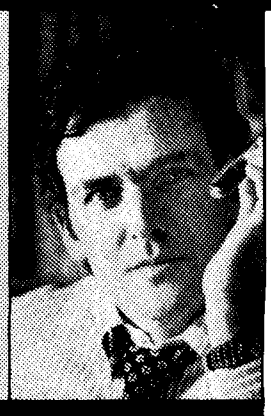

Time magazine refers to his work as "some of the liveliest prose since the passing of H.L. Mencken." Tyrrell plays no favorites. The pompus, the idiotic, the lazy, and the ignorant are all fair game no matter where they are found. He pokes holes in liberal trial balloons, while puncturing left-wing egos. And he shares these thoughts every week in the Conservative Chronicle.

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MARATHON MAN

THE NAME Michael Dukakis is now a household word. But beyond the fact that he is governor of Massachusetts, is the likely 1988 Democratic presidential nominee, and has a Greek background, the public at large knows little about him. This is what the polls—the same polls that show him holding about a 15-point lead over George Bush—disclose. Consider: only 27 per cent of respondents to a recent *New York Times* survey know that Dukakis is a liberal. (How else would you characterize a presidential candidate who favors abortion on demand, weekend furloughs for dangerous convicts, gun control, a freeze on nuclear weapons, and withdrawing U.S. troops from South Korea, and opposes capital punishment, the pledge of allegiance in schools, prayer in schools, and funding for SDI?)

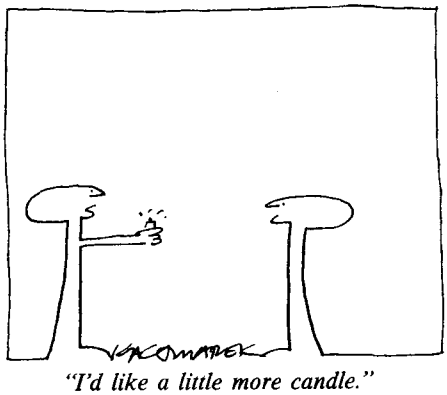
In short, Dukakis has entered that no-man's-land of politics where a candidate's name identification is high but the public knows almost nothing about his views or his record. It is a period when impressions are malleable. Dukakis and Bush will both be trying to shape Dukakis's malleable image in a way that benefits their campaigns.

To maintain the soft lead he has at the moment, Dukakis first must avoid looking like a special-interest candidate, a perception that has plagued Democrats in the last several presidential elections. Dukakis has served notice that he understands this fact. He recently borrowed a publicity tactic from John Anderson, who once accepted an invitation to appear before the National Rifle Association and used the platform to announce his support for gun control. The ploy is called Entering the Lion's Den. It heightens awareness of a candidate's position and seems to show daring and independence. Dukakis used it recently when he addressed a meeting of California gay-rights advocates. While Dukakis agreed with them on all other gay-rights issues, he stood by his policy of assigning higher priority to married couples as foster parents. The press loved it.

Second, Dukakis must avoid a fractious convention. This seems to have been taken care of already. Dukakis has gained the support of the Paul Simon delegates, and is assured of a first-ballot nomination. And Paul Kirk will be making every effort to see that the Democratic platform will be stripped of special-interest planks.

Third, Dukakis must pick the right vice-presidential running-mate. There must be no skeletons rattling in the closet like Gerry Ferraro's in 1984. Although there is talk of choosing New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley as the running-mate, Dukakis will probably look to broaden the geographic appeal of his ticket by going south and picking a running-mate from a state, like Texas or Florida, rich in electoral college votes. Dukakis will try to have his choice made by the end of July, so that he emerges from the Democratic National Convention with the public perceiving him as a man in charge.

George Bush's challenge during the next sixty days is to define Dukakis as liberal—too liberal for post-Reagan America. Bush can expect no help from the media, despite their habit of sniping at the frontrunner in a pack. Yes, Dukakis will be tormented (ABC has assigned Sam Donaldson to cover his campaign), but he will not be crucified. Left to its own devices, the press will not tell the voters just how liberal Dukakis is. In fact, it may let him get away with passing himself off as a centrist not far distant from George Bush on the liberal-conservative continuum.



"I'd like a little more candle."

Some Washington pundits believe Bush can make a comeback by distancing himself from Reagan, as the Veep indeed has tentatively done on the matter of the Noriega deal. A little of this separation is okay, too much of it is a mistake. Bush's opponent is Dukakis, not Reagan. Bush must show how he differs from Dukakis, and the most telling point is philosophy of government.

DUKAKIS is methodical and tenacious. Since he was first elected to the Massachusetts legislature in 1962, he has attained most of his goals, even though he suffered a number of defeats along the way—in his bid for attorney general in 1966, in the race for lieutenant governor in 1970, and in his attempt to gain re-election as governor in 1978. In surmounting these setbacks, Dukakis shows the will of a marathon runner, which in fact he has been. The marathoner knows there is a barrier that he must break through to complete the run. Stamina, pacing, and grit make the difference.

Dukakis is now facing that barrier again. If he can make it through the next sixty days of the campaign without too much damage from Democratic special interests or Republican attempts to define him as an unregenerate liberal, he will be positioned to prevail in November. Should he falter now, Bush—the Reagan wingman—will push past him for another four years of Republican control of the White House. □

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THAT OLD SUMMIT MAGIC

THERE'S AN irresistible charm about Summitry. By the time this issue goes to press, Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev will have performed the sacred rites of that old Summit magic: hands will be shaken, glasses clinked; the sun will shine a little brighter, hearts rest a little easier, because in faraway Moscow two men who hold the fate of the world in their all-too-human hands will have signed a communiqué or perhaps some new agreements. The substance of such agreements seems hardly to matter. In this style of diplomacy, it is the "new spirit of peace," not the details, that counts.

Those who are not connoisseurs of the arms-control process may be surprised to learn that the current flirtation with Moscow is the fifth in a long line of sequels. Nowadays, the term détente is usually reserved for the prolonged period of "eased tension" inaugurated by Richard Nixon and continued during the Ford and Carter Administrations. But a careful look at the history of Soviet-American relations since World War II shows that détente is not an isolated phenomenon, but a recurring temptation: in at least three other periods, Washington attempted friendly relations with the Kremlin. Each period was marked by Summit meetings, arms-control accords, and high expectations of a new era of cooperation. (See chart, pp. 38-39.) Each was ended by an act of Soviet aggression. And, when the dust settled, each period of détente left the West in a relatively worse position. By contrast, the interludes between détentes—periods of more normal relations with the Soviets—seem to produce consistently better foreign-policy results.

The first period of détente (1943-48) began with the 1943 Teheran Summit, at which Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin met to plan the postwar international order. Stalin's presence indicated that Western leaders expected the wartime alliance to blossom into a cordial peacetime relationship. "Never before have major allies been more clearly united not only in their war aims but in their peace aims," Roosevelt announced to Congress two years later, upon his return from Yalta.

Détente continued into the Truman era with the Summit at Potsdam. Under Truman, the U.S. slashed its military forces from 12 million during the war to under two million in 1946. The Truman Administration also proposed giving up America's nuclear monopoly by placing all atomic weapons under international control (the Soviets rejected the plan).

For their part, the Soviets retained some four million men under arms and launched a crash program to build their own A-bomb. With Stalin's help, Communists took power in Eastern Europe and launched guerrilla wars in Greece, China, and Vietnam. The fellow feeling was disappearing by the spring of 1947, when Truman promised to aid governments resisting Soviet subversion and promulgated the Marshall Plan. Détente I came to a crashing close in 1948 as a result of the Soviets' double whammy: the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia in February and the Berlin blockade in July.

Stalin's death ushered in the second period of détente (1953-56). President Eisenhower called for improved relations with Moscow, and the long-stalled Korean truce talks resumed; an armistice was signed in July 1953. The following February, a Big Four (France, Britain, U.S., USSR) foreign ministers' meeting formally initiated Détente II, which continued through the Geneva Summit of July 1955. It ended in November 1956, when Soviet troops invaded Hungary.

Détente III had the shortest run. It began in May 1959 with the lengthy negotiation among the former Allied powers over the status of West Berlin. Other notable events during this period were the "informal" Eisenhower-Khrushchev Camp David Summit, and the June 1961 Kennedy-Khrushchev Summit in Vienna. American hopes for good relations were, again, soon disappointed: in August 1961, the Soviets built the Berlin Wall, and then detonated four H-bombs (breaking a moratorium on atmospheric nuclear testing). In 1962, the Kremlin began secretly placing medium-range ballistic missiles armed with H-bombs in Cuba.

The most recent era of détente began in 1972, when Nixon traveled to Moscow to meet with Brezhnev and sign the SALT I and ABM accords. It ended in December 1979, when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan.

HAVE WE GAINED anything from these repeated unilateral attempts at mutual admiration? Well, in 1955, in the midst of Détente II, the Kremlin withdrew its occupying troops from Austria and agreed to respect that country's neutrality. An important success, to be sure, especially for the Austrians. But it is disconcerting to find that, after all the hopes we've repeatedly hung on détente, Austria's liberation thirty years ago remains the West's sole unambiguous gain.

The arms agreements of the 1970s, usually considered the crown jewel of the détente process, haven't benefited the West at all. SALT I, which limited the number of launchers but not the number of hydrogen bombs, failed to slow the Soviet arms buildup. The unratified SALT II treaty, which the U.S. observed until 1986, "limited" the number of H-bombs deployed to about

Mr. Menges is a Resident Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, D.C. From 1983 to 1986 he served as Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. His new book, Inside the National Security Council, *will be published by Simon & Schuster in July.*

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LESSONS FROM ATTEMPTS AT U.S.-USSR DETENTE

MAJOR U.S.-USSR TALKS		SETBACKS FOR U.S.		ADVANCES FOR U.S.	
Détente I					
Feb. 1945	U.S., UK, USSR Summit, Yalta	1945	Soviet effort to take northern Iran		
July 1945	U.S., UK, USSR Summit, Potsdam	1945	Stalin re-ignites civil war in Greece; USSR gives military aid to Communists in China, Vietnam		
		1945	**Yugoslavia** becomes Communist		
1946	Foreign ministers' conference	1946	**Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania, Poland** become Communist	1946	Soviet puppet governments in northern Iran ended
1947	Foreign ministers' conference	Oct. 1947	Cominform re-established	1947	Truman Doctrine and Marshall Plan proposed
		Feb. 1948	**Czechoslovakia** becomes Communist		
		June 1948	Berlin blockade	April 1948	OECD formed to administer Marshall Plan
Return to Normal Relations					
				April 1949	NATO established
		Oct. 1949	**China** becomes Communist		
		Feb. 1950	Soviet-Chinese treaty		
		June 1950	North Korea attacks South Korea	June 1950	UN Security Council votes to oppose North Korean attack
				Oct. 1952	U.S. H-bomb developed
				March 1953	Stalin dies
				July 1953	Korea armistice
		Aug. 1953	Soviet H-bomb developed	Aug. 1953	Iran destabilization fails
Détente II					
Feb. 1954	Foreign ministers' conference	July 1954	**North Vietnam** becomes Communist		
				April 1955	Austria becomes neutral; USSR out
		May 1955	Warsaw Pact formed	May 1955	West Germany joins NATO
July 1955	Geneva Summit				
		Nov. 1956	Soviet invasion of Hungary		
Return to Normal Relations					
		1957	Soviet *Sputnik*	March 1957	European Economic Community (EEC) begins
		1958	Soviet Berlin ultimatums		
Détente III					
May-Aug. 1959	Foreign ministers' conference	1959	North Vietnam begins war to conquer South Vietnam		
Sept. 1959	Camp David Summit	Nov. 1959	**Cuba** enters Soviet orbit		
May 1960	Paris Summit	1960-1961	Congo destabilization		
June 1961	Vienna Summit				
		Aug. 1961	Berlin Wall erected		
Return to Normal Relations					
				Oct. 1962	U.S. requires Soviet removal of missiles from Cuba

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MAJOR U.S.-USSR TALKS		SETBACKS FOR U.S.		ADVANCES FOR U.S.	
				July 1963	USSR-China dispute is public
				Aug. 1963	U.S.-USSR accord to ban nuclear testing in air
				April 1965	OAS/U.S. force stabilizes Dominican Republic
				Jan. 1967	U.S.-USSR accord to keep offensive weapons out of space
June 1967	Glassboro meeting				
		Aug. 1968	Soviet bloc invades Czechoslovakia		
				Sept. 1968	Albania leaves Soviet bloc
				Aug. 1970	Accord on normalization—USSR, West Germany
				Sept. 1971	Accord on Berlin—U.S., UK, USSR, France
				Feb. 1972	Nixon Summit in China
Détente IV					
				May 1972	SALT I/ABM accords
May 1972	Moscow Summit				
		Jan. 1973	Vietnam treaty (violated from the start by the Communist side)		
June 1973	Washington Summit				
		Oct. 1973	Yom Kippur surprise attack on Israel—Soviets gave support and had to be deterred from sending troops to Egypt		
		Nov. 1973	Cuban troops to help Syria		
		Dec. 1973	OPEC doubles oil price		
		April 1974-1975	USSR tries to make Portugal Communist		
June 1974	Moscow Summit				
Nov. 1974	Vladivostok Summit				
		April-May 1975	**South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos** become Communist		
		June 1975	**Mozambique** becomes Communist		
Aug. 1975	Helsinki conference				
		Nov. 1975	**Angola** becomes Communist		
		May 1976	Syrian troops into Lebanon		
		1977	**Ethiopia** becomes Communist		
		April 1978	**Afghanistan** becomes Communist		
				Sept. 1978	Camp David Accord—Israel, Egypt, U.S.
		Feb. 1979	Iran: Khomeini to power		
		March 1979	**Grenada** becomes Communist		
June 1979	Vienna Summit (SALT II)				
		July 1979	**Nicaragua** becomes Communist		
		Dec. 1979	Soviet invasion of Afghanistan		
Return to Normal Relations					
		Oct. 1981	Sadat assassinated		
		Dec. 1981	Solidarity repressed in Poland		
				March 1982	El Salvador elections
				April 1983	Reagan proposes SDI
				Oct. 1983	**Grenada** liberated
				Nov. 1983	NATO deploys INF
				Jan. 1985	Reagan announces support for freedom-fighters
				July 1985	Congress repeals Clark Amendment
				Nov. 1985	Reagan says U.S. will support UNITA in Angola

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13,000 for each side—that is, about six times as many as either Washington or Moscow had deployed on strategic missiles when arms talks began.

THE NUMBER of nuclear warheads on Soviet land- and sea-based strategic missiles increased from 2,445 in 1972 to 8,900 by 1985. The Soviets' conventional-arms buildup, of course, also continued unabated. And the Soviets have repeatedly violated the terms of the accords, from their promise at the 1972 Summit to observe "norms of international conduct" (which the United States understood to mean an end to subversive aggression), to the 1975 Helsinki human-rights guarantees. From these experiences Moscow has learned one very bad lesson: there is no penalty for refusing to abide by agreements. Our passive response to each set of Soviet violations makes it less likely that the next agreements will be observed.

Overall, Moscow has done very well indeed during periods of détente, making its greatest gains during the two longest episodes. During Détente I (between 1943 and 1948) the Soviets engaged in direct or indirect warfare against Western allies in at least a dozen different countries. In 1944, Stalin told Communist guerrillas in Greece and Yugoslavia to prepare to seize power at war's end, and Radio Moscow began urging Poles to rebel against the Nazis in order to aid the approaching Red Army (which he then ordered to halt for two months while the Nazis exterminated the Polish resistance fighters). In late 1945, Stalin began military aid to Communists in China and Vietnam, and tried to annex northern Iran; only Truman's threat to launch a nuclear strike halted the latter scheme. By 1947, Communists, aided by Soviet occupation troops and making use of secret police and fraudulent elections, had seized control of most of Eastern Europe. North Korea had joined the Soviet bloc, and the Chinese Communists were well on the way to victory (attained in 1949). The Soviets made gains during the shorter periods of détente as well, notably in acquiring Cuba and North Vietnam as client-states.

The years of Détente IV were again a period of sustained growth for Soviet influence and a veritable bull market for Communist terrorism. During the 1970s the Soviets gained ten new client-states in Asia, Africa, and Central America: South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Mozambique, Angola, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, South Yemen, Grenada, and Nicaragua. Following established patterns, most of these new Communist regimes then turned to subverting their neighbors. The Sandinistas gave military support to guerrillas in El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras; Grenada aided subversives in neighboring Caribbean democracies; and Ethiopia provided material support to guerrillas in the Sudan and Somalia.

Compare this glowing record to what the Soviets were able to achieve during periods of normal relations. Following the collapse of Détente I, the U.S. led in establishing the Organization of American States (1948) and NATO (1949), among other regional security organizations. In 1950, America urged the UN to respond militarily to North Korea's invasion of South Korea. And America fostered democratic, pro-Western governments in Japan and West Germany.

After Détente II, the West repulsed Khrushchev's attempts to absorb Berlin, and it established the European Economic Community (1957). In the ten years following Détente III, no new pro-Soviet regime took power, and the Soviet-backed Communist insurgency in Vietnam was stalemated (with help from the United States). During the six-year period of normal relations following Détente IV—the Reagan era—the West has gained on several different fronts. Twelve countries (ten of them in Latin America) have made a transition to political democracy. More than 350,000 anti-Communist resistance fighters have taken up arms in six of the ten Soviet client-states established in the Seventies. America, overturning the Brezhnev doctrine, drove an established Communist dictatorship out of Grenada. Communist guerrillas in El Salvador and Guatemala faced significant setbacks. And all these gains were achieved without a single serious U.S.-Soviet military confrontation.

During each period of détente, the West, desperately clinging to the illusion of friendly relations, has ignored or downplayed hostile Soviet actions. In each instance, Moscow has taken advantage of our rose-colored glasses to help its proxies grab additional territory. Agreements are cheap, when violating them costs nothing. The current effort at détente is likely to prove a reprise of the past. Who are the probable casualties? Resistance fighters in Nicaragua, Angola, and Afghanistan for starters. And then countries, like Pakistan, that are likely to bear the brunt of Soviet-sponsored international terrorism. Vulnerable democratic movements in Central and South America will also suffer, as will blacks in South Africa, who may be forced to endure, as their brethren in Ethiopia and Mozambique have before them, the brutality of Communist rule.

THE POSTWAR record suggests that normal, realistic relations with the Soviet Union best serve our national interests and preserve the international order. What are the hallmarks of a realistic foreign policy? Realism requires that we recognize hostile actions throughout the world and help our friends defeat them, and that we withhold from the Soviet Union all economic preferences and credits, which give it the hard currency it needs to maintain its global empire. Realism allows cooperative efforts such as verifiable bilateral reduction in offensive nuclear and conventional forces. But it cannot rest on the belief that the USSR—which defines itself as our enemy and daily carries out indirect aggression against our allies—has somehow been transformed into a friend.

Since 1945, four attempts at détente have failed, badly. Our fifth fling with détente will end the same way, unless we realize that prudent realism, not wishful thinking, is the best path to peace and freedom. When Moscow ends its hostile international actions, complies with its treaty obligations, and negotiates deep cuts in offensive weapons, then a genuine U.S.-Soviet détente may evolve. Until then, vigilance, not relaxation, must be the watchword. □

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CLEAR GLASS, EMPTY MIKE

Richard Brookhiser

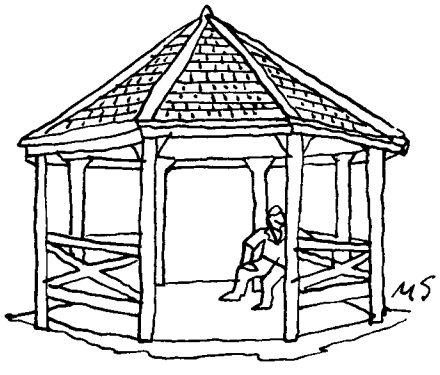
The Electric Windmill, by Tom Bethell (Regnery Gateway, 294 pp., $17.95)

When Tom Bethell first came to this country over 25 years ago, he was your basic snotty limey: "From the moment I stepped off the ship, I was opinionated about all I saw. . . . Americans were . . . childlike, rich as a rule, sometimes quite amusing, often generous, uncultivated of course, and often possessed of a surprising degree of expertise in technical topics such as engineering or whatever: boring, but for all one knew, important. . . . In addition, it was understood that they were themselves frequently aware of their shortcomings and more than willing to take self-improvement lessons from an educated Englishman such as myself." But he had a saving grace: he loved jazz. Indeed, he took a teaching job at a prep school in Virginia "because I knew it to be in the South and hence imagined it to be near New Orleans." After realizing this and other errors, he began a career in journalism out of which *The Electric Windmill* has been assembled.

He's still giving lessons to Americans, of course. Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW will be familiar with this mode, from his articles on land reform, arms control, immigration, whatever. (I have thought sometimes of calling him up and saying, "Tom, we'd like four thousand words on the Middle East—and could you throw in Social Security as a sidebar?") But the pieces collected here—mostly from *The American Spectator*—work a different vein, the reporter as impressionist, and they are a garden of delights.

Tom Bethell can parallel-park an argument more neatly than anyone else going. Consider this aside, from a piece on a screenwriters' strike in Los Angeles: "Whenever you hear about people going out on strike, you always have to consider the possibility that they are striking not because they are being paid less than the market can bear, but because they are being paid more. And they are looking to keep it that way—by keeping out rivals who will work for less." The most extended argumentation in *The Electric Windmill* occurs in two pieces on natural selection that appeared in *Harper's*, and which end with this remorseless QED: "Either you think that complex organisms arose by non-natural phenomena, or you think that they arose by natural phenomena. If they arose by natural phenomena, they had to evolve. And that's all there is to it." The words, incidentally, are not Bethell's, but those of geneticist Richard Lewontin, whom Bethell patiently interviewed. If you don't see why they are simultaneously unanswerable and useless, read the pieces.

But his preferred tools here are eye and ear, the simplest in a reporter's kit. Bethell often adopts the persona of the casual passerby: "I happened to be walking nearby, down Constitution Avenue . . ." "Curious about the overnight appearance of wigwams and other quaint structures, I parked my car near the Mall . . ." The casualness is an act: a lot of energy goes into this passerby's attention. But since this energy is expended on the subject, not the observer, the result is to render Bethell clear as glass, empty as a mike.



And what things we see and hear through him. *The Electric Windmill* is an anthology of voices. Meet Big Jim Garrison, the conspiracy theorist: "Sooner or later, because people are lazy, you catch them out on propinquity." Or Sidney Hook, in round umpteen of the Jewish bout with justice: "I don't expect the innocent man to be vindicated tomorrow. But I do expect him to be vindicated before he goes to the scaffold. I don't expect the tyrant to be struck by a thunderbolt. But I would expect, if there is a God, that he would not die comfortably in his bed." Or an AIDS victim in a Roman Catholic hospice: "I've had so many people before me who died. Some had longer tails than the devil. . . . But in the end they grasped the peace." Or Arnold Beichman, contemplating the Winter Palace: "Kerensky, that jerk. One bullet could have changed history. A lot more people would be alive today."

Sometimes Bethell's subjects lay out

David Brooks is book editor at the Wall Street Journal.

James Gardner writes frequently on the arts for NR, Commentary, *and* The New Criterion.

Jeffrey Meyers's latest book, Manic Power: Robert Lowell and His Circle, *includes a chapter on John Berryman.*

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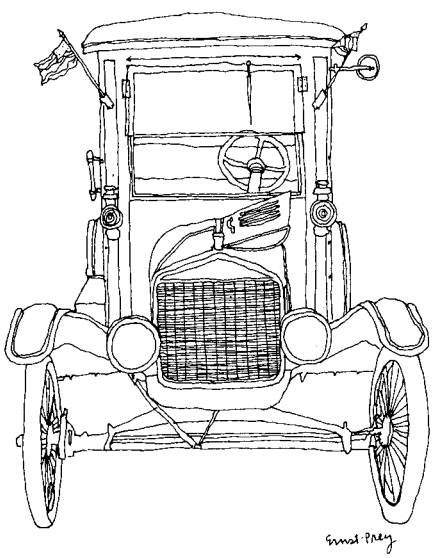
a whole philosophy, the hidden engine of entire movements. Consider this blast from Mitch Snyder, the impresario of homelessness. "I believe in hell. I believe we're there right now. . . . Look around you. Look at where you are! What could be worse? . . . Everybody struggles with the same infinitely stupid questions, because we're imperfect creatures. Because we're of the flesh. So we pay a price for that." There it is—the credo of a blocked gnostic. This world is vile, so Snyder will wallow in its vileness. He helps the destitute because he hates them, along with himself and everybody else. What could be plainer?

I have one quarrel with this book, which concerns the reason why we were lucky enough to get Bethell in the first place. In a review of Andrew Porter's music criticism, which he quite properly thrashes, Bethell goes on to argue that, since music " 'translates' the emotional content of some other world" into sounds, "a redescription, in words, of the content of this 'other' world should be the ultimate task of those who write" about it. It is a plausible approach, and he cites Aldous Huxley and Shaw as critics who have pursued it (to whom one might add Nietzsche, Mann, and H. L. Mencken, who wrote the perfect epitome of Debussy: "a pretty girl with one blue eye and one brown one"). So why hasn't Bethell done it himself?

One reason may be his regular, almost principled, avoidance of metaphor. Metaphor has problems; it fogs the pane, plays games with the mikes. But it can help writers re-create, in words, the emotional content of *this* world, in ways that even the plainest speech can't (take the metaphor out of Mencken's Debussy, and there's nothing left).

He should do the music anyway. If he says he's expected to stick to politics, that's no excuse. I can't imagine any editor rejecting anything submitted by Tom Bethell. □



MISS MANNERS GOES TO WASHINGTON

David Brooks

Came the Revolution: Argument in the Reagan Era, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Harcourt Brace, 366 pp., $17.95)

HERE IS AN example of how Capitol Hill partisanship can turn a meticulous thinker into a reckless instigator. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, certainly one of our smartest congressmen, argues, in his new collection of speeches and articles, that the Reagan Administration created our large federal deficits on purpose. "To this day," he writes, "I don't think we understand that a conspiracy had seized the White House."

The 1981 tax cuts, he argues, "were designed to reduce revenues some $280 billion over three years." The goal was to create a sea of red ink so massive that even the big spenders in Congress would have to agree to cuts in expenditures.

To support his theory, Moynihan cites a televised address by President Reagan in 1981 in which the President declared, "Well, you know, we can lecture our children about extravagance until we run out of voice and breath. Or we can cut their extravagance by simply reducing their allowance." Later, Moynihan cites an observation by Friedrich von Hayek: "It is impossible to persuade Congress that expenditures must be reduced, unless one creates deficits so large that absolutely everyone becomes convinced that no more money can be spent."

The theory has a certain surface plausibility: as it has turned out, the deficits have indeed served to ward off new spending programs. Unfortunately, reality intrudes.

If the Administration did in fact conspire to create the Federal Government's huge deficits, then somebody in the Administration must have known that the 1981 tax cuts would produce red ink. Economists at the Office of Management and Budget must have known that $200-billion deficits were imminent. In reality, the OMB did not forecast deficits of that magnitude. Of course it is possible that the OMB knew what was coming, but conspired to lie to the public. And, in fact, the OMB does seem to have done some forecast fudging in the early Eighties.

But, for the Administration to have hidden a gap of $200 billion, it would have had to create a huge conspiracy. OMB Director David Stockman would have had to be in on the scheme. Moynihan implies that he was. But not only Stockman: to pull off a conspiracy of such monumental proportions, all of Stockman's political appointees, along with dozens of career OMB economists who are involved in forecasting, would also have had to be in cahoots. Moynihan doesn't seem to have considered them. Then there's the Congressional Budget Office, which also failed to predict the huge deficits. Moynihan doesn't explain how its many bureaucrats were corrupted. And there are the hundreds of private economists who also should have seen the deficits coming. The Moynihan conspiracy theory has the sort of breadth and depth that would make Lyndon LaRouche blush.

In fact, when members of the Reagan Administration say they didn't know the deficits were coming, it is just possible that they are telling the truth. The OMB economists, like everyone else, knew that the tax cuts would mean, in the short run, lower revenues. The forecasters even used static analysis, with the result that they overstated the revenue loss. What the OMB and other forecasters could not predict was the depth of the 1982-83 recession and the sudden collapse of inflation. Paul Craig Roberts and other economists have amply demonstrated that these two interrelated events explain the shrinking tax base that caused the explosion of red ink. However, this explanation is not as attractive to a Reagan-basher as a flashy conspiracy theory. It seems to have no appeal to Senator Moynihan.

Excessive partisanship is one of Senator Moynihan's few flaws. In general, though, *Came the Revolution* is a witty, eloquent collection of arguments: if there were more liberals like Senator

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More June Titles: *Corregidor* (Presidio, $18.95), by E. M. Flanagan, is an exciting and well-written account of MacArthur's promised "return" in 1945 to the island lying at the entrance to Manila Bay, which he recaptured after a bloody and unexpected two-week battle.

In *Nora: The Real Life of Molly Bloom* (Houghton Mifflin, $24.95), Brenda Maddox argues that Joyce's semi-literate wife was the model for Molly Bloom in *Ulysses*, Anna Livia Plurabelle in *Finnegans Wake*, and a variety of female characters in the novelist's other writings.

☐ Coming in July: *Insider: My Hidden Life as a Revolutionary in Cuba* (Bantam, $19.95), by José Luis Llovio-Menéndez, is a fascinating account of the penetration of Fidel Castro's government by a young medical student who returned to Cuba from Paris in order to rescue an uncle imprisoned for counter-revolutionary activities. Though the author failed to effect that rescue, he succeeded in making a career for himself in the film and sugar industries, and in the course of this double life was himself arrested and jailed. Eventually, he escaped the island and came to the United States, where he wrote this highly effective account of his experiences and of the "repression, paranoia, and deceit" pervading the Cuban revolution.

In *A Crime of Self-Defense: Bernhard Goetz and the Law on Trial* (Free Press, $19.95), George P. Fletcher—a law professor at Columbia University—provides a compelling explanation of why a jury cleared Goetz of the major charges brought against him following his encounter with four young blacks on a New York City subway in 1984.

The Letters of Edith Wharton (Scribner's, $29.95), edited by R. W. B. Lewis and Nancy Lewis, comprises almost four hundred letters written by the novelist to a wide variety of correspondents, most notably her close friends Bernard Berenson and Henry James, and including F. Scott Fitzgerald, André Gide, and a sister of Theodore Roosevelt. (Mr. Lewis's biography of Mrs. Wharton was published in 1975 to high praise, and was awarded a Pulitzer later that year.) —CW

Moynihan, there would be far fewer conservatives.

I say this because Senator Moynihan appeals to conservative sensibilities, and yet ends up with liberal conclusions. Driven by a powerful sense of propriety, he attributes great moral weight to the procedures of governance. Remember the episode in 1984 when Moynihan resigned as vice chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee in protest over the covert mining of Nicaraguan harbors. Many thought Moynihan over-reacted.

But what offended him was not the policy itself. In his speeches on the subject he seems largely unconcerned with it, and he has no illusions about the Sandinistas' good nature. Rather, he was angry because his Senate panel had not been informed. For Moynihan, behavior is character; it was as if the Administration had shown evidence of poor upbringing. Similarly, he seems more deeply offended by Soviet efforts to tap into American phone lines than by any other kind of Soviet behavior.

Out of this fervent sense of propriety springs a deep interest in preserving and respecting institutions, another passion that appeals to conservatives. Moynihan's way of thinking is just the opposite of *Realpolitik*, which is interested primarily in results. Confronted with the Iran-Contra affair, Moynihan is most disgusted by what he calls the conspirators' "contempt for governance." He does not weigh the virtue or even the practicality of finding Iranian moderates, or of diverting funds to the Contras. Instead, he worries that the behavior of, say, Admiral Poindexter, reflects badly on the institution of the National Security Council.

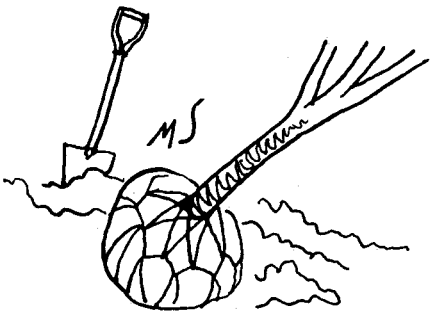
At heart Senator Moynihan is a civics teacher; it's too bad that in moments of excessive partisanship he violates reason and demeans himself. ☐

THE FIXER

William A. Rusher

Citizen Cohn, by Nicholas von Hoffman (Doubleday, 360 pp., $19.95)

When Roy Cohn knew he was dying, he began to write—and then, as weakness overcame him, to dictate—his autobiography. He died long before the job was done, and it was taken over and completed by his friend Sidney Zion. The result—ambiguously titled *The Autobiography of Roy Cohn by Sidney Zion* (reviewed in *NR*, April 29)—arrived in bookstores more or less simultaneously with this



unauthorized biography by a well-known Washington gossip columnist.

Although Nicholas von Hoffman is personally a liberal, he was far from the worst choice to take on the assignment. For Roy Cohn is surely one of the juiciest subjects a semi-political gossip could possibly want: federal prosecutor; congressional Red-hunter; lawyer for scores of outraged wives, dubious millionaires, and Mafia dons; crony of judges, politicians, and cardinals; noisy conservative and closet homosexual; *bête noire* of the Internal Revenue Service (he named his yacht, which he "didn't own," *Defiance*). Cohn rode around New York in a Rolls Royce (which he also "didn't own") with his initials on the license plate, and died, at 59, of AIDS. In the words of Judge Harold Tyler, "He sort of lit up this town for many years. And he was part of the woodwork and the flora and the fauna, and maybe I should say the flotsam and the jetsam."

The result is about what you would expect: a big, colorful book, loaded with anecdotes and reminiscences, but not to be taken as the final word on any of the scores of controversial subjects it treats.

For one thing, von Hoffman is lazy. He quotes unnamed colleagues of Cohn's in the U.S. Attorney's office as charging that Cohn obtained numerous indictments that "had to be dismissed for lack of evidence"—but cites not a single one. For another, he is sloppy. He pokes fun at Joe McCarthy's investigation of alleged security problems at the Signal Corps' radar-research installation at Fort Monmouth, N.J., without mentioning that two technicians who worked there subsequently fled to the Soviet Union. My guess is that he doesn't even know it.

In any event, von Hoffman interviewed and tape-recorded scores of Cohn's friends and enemies, unfortunately using them, in many cases, as

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anonymous sources. He reports what they told him, faithfully noting differing versions of the same story and—to his credit—sometimes indicating that he personally believes the one more favorable to Cohn. Certainly there is no flavor of a mere hatchet-job about the book (which I had feared and half expected). Von Hoffman may have concluded that his subject simply didn't *need* that kind of treatment: if anybody is looking for material to discredit Roy Cohn, there is plenty of it here—along with much that is kinder to him, and which (of course) the haters can elect to disregard.

And that brings us to the ultimate question: What shall a disinterested observer think of Roy Cohn? (I exempt myself from that category, having known him casually and cordially across the years.)

The first thing such an observer would note is the number and ferocity of Cohn's enemies. The savagery with which they exhumed old charges and raced to disbar him before death could deprive them of that pleasure was a sickening thing to watch. Alan Dershowitz, a liberal Harvard Law professor who detested everything Cohn stood for, condemned it in those very terms: "I've seen so much of this kind of stuff, which gets quietly tucked away, where lawyers are given quiet admonitions; and to have dredged up old, old cases like this and to have done it with the kind of viciousness directed against a dying man just smacked of exactly the kind of McCarthyism that he was guilty of."

What accounted for such hatred? Barring the lawyers (and their clients) whom he had bested, the haters were liberals, for whom he would always be Joe McCarthy's smart-ass young counsel. They were careful to add other counts to their indictment, but that was at the root of it all. He consorted with, and represented, Mafia dons? So do scores of other lawyers, without condemnation. He was a fixer and an unethical attorney? Von Hoffman concedes, "as for the favoritism and corruption of judges, gossip is easy, proof hard to come by." He was a wildly promiscuous homosexual? In New York during the past twenty years, such conduct has been in many circles more often a passport to admiration than an occasion for reproach. (Von Hoffman joins in criticizing Cohn for inconsistency because he favored

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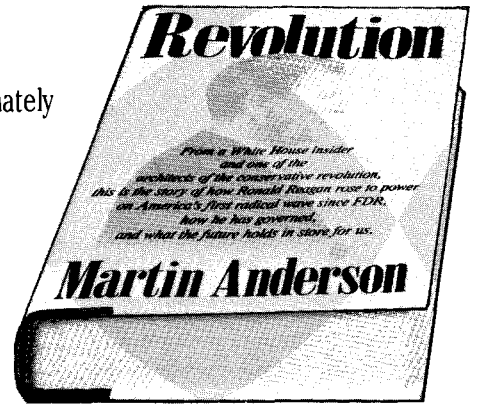

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using against Communists the same sort of state power that could be used against homosexuals. It seems not to have occurred to him that Cohn might have considered Communists a more legitimate target.)

No, it wasn't Cohn's ethics that really infuriated the liberals, let alone his homosexuality. It was his anti-Communism, and the pugnacity of his attacks on Communists and fellow-travelers, and the stubborn, simplistic patriotism that accompanied and fueled these. That this brilliant little Jew from the Bronx should regularly end his parties with a chorus of "God Bless America," and become the head of the American Jewish League against Communism, and insist to his dying day on defending, whenever and wherever it was challenged, the memory of Joe McCarthy—that was unendurable.

The other thing a disinterested observer would notice is the number, the catholicity, and the loyalty of Roy Cohn's friends. From Barbara Walters to Cardinal Spellman, from Bill Safire to Donald Trump, they stuck by him through thick and thin. He had, unquestionably, a gift for warm and loyal friendship, and he evoked it in others. His sheer audacity amused and captivated people whose favor was beyond commanding. There were 750 mourners at his memorial service in Town Hall. There should have been an organ playing "My Way." □

NATTERING NABOBS, REVISITED

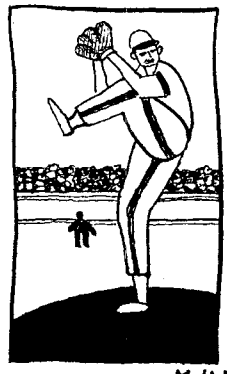
Joseph Sobran

Passage to a Human World, by Max Singer (Hudson Institute, 390 pp., $21.95)

MAX SINGER is leery of the word "optimist," so it might be safer to call him a man who tries to appreciate conditions others overlook. *Passage to a Human World: The Dynamics of Creating Global Wealth* sums up the stunning economic progress mankind has made over the last two centuries, explains in carefully chosen terms how it happened, and argues that it's likely to keep happening for the foreseeable future.

Read a page of this book and you may get the impression it was written by a simpleton. Read ten pages and you find your whole view of the world shifting. Eschewing optimistic assumptions, Singer sticks to data that are beyond dispute and builds his case that it's economic *pessimism* that's wildly unrealistic.

Singer doesn't pretend to be original; he says he is merely popularizing the soundest thinking in the fields he touches on. But he has some of Henry Hazlitt's gift for bringing his points home to the reader with plain language, startling fact, vivid analogy, and sharp distinction.



How wealthy is the world today? Until the twentieth century, in no country in the world did life expectancy ever reach as high as thirty. Now in nearly every country as wealthy as Ireland or Bulgaria, life expectancy is over 72. By the end of the next century, four-fifths of the world's countries may reach this level. Are we headed for global famine? "We already know where and how we can grow all the food we will want for at least five times the current world population." Are we running out of raw materials? "No particular raw material is essential, and each costs so little—except fuels—that we would not be badly hurt even if its cost (or the cost of doing without it) went up a hundred times." Moreover, "most raw materials have been getting less expensive."

Singer makes breathtakingly short work of common fallacies about scarcity, pollution, overpopulation, energy, water shortages, and aging. Most of the fallacies are based on ill-apprehended fact, incompetent extrapolation, or sloppy definition. "Scarcity," for example, is almost meaningless. "What we see, for all materials, is that you can buy as much as you want—except in special circumstances such as war."

> It is true for gold at $400 an ounce and for iron at $60 a ton. It is not just coincidence. It will always be true. There will be a price for any commercially significant material, and at that price you will be able, sooner or later, to buy as much as you want—and usually right away. In the United States and many other countries, there are millions of different products, and the everyday miracle is that there is almost exactly enough of every single one of them.

Of course there are limits. Singer thinks the economic explosion will eventually tail off, though he thinks we are nowhere near that point yet. He thinks the natural life span of man is about 85 years, and he deems it impossible to raise it; we can only eliminate the various avoidable hazards that still kill most people off before old age exhausts the body. And a "human" world, in which we are no longer at the mercy of nature, will have its own hazards. We can conquer famine, pestilence, and plague, but the "fourth horseman" —war—is a human creation and may loom larger than ever.

Even increasing wealth has its casualties. That's why some societies resist it. Traditions are overturned, morals may be weakened, and some people stand to lose status and power: what might benefit the Soviet proletariat would thereby threaten the vanguard of the proletariat. Ideas and knowledge constitute wealth, so every society has to undergo its own "learning experience," in some respects an ordeal.

Singer acknowledges these factors, but he brackets them for the purpose of explaining the logic of development and why we can broadly expect a lot more of it.

But why have so many fallacies come to prevail, and even to form a single "edifice of error," as he calls it? Singer devotes a few chapters to explaining this, too. He speaks of an admittedly nebulous category of what he calls "university-oriented Americans," who, without necessarily being unpatriotic, suffer from "low national morale," and are especially susceptible to economic pessimism.

These "UOAs," as he calls them, "are the kind of people who, in case of doubt, believe arguments and facts that seem to come with the right intellectual credentials." The UOA may place excessive trust in, say, *Time* or Dan Rather "because of a subtle sense that at their own level of sophistication these sources have been somehow validated by the academic community."

Apparently the lowest common denominator of even highly educated people can still be pretty low. Their views may derive from shared attitudes rather than the soundest knowledge avail-

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able within the academic community itself. And knowledge that originates *outside* the academic community, including common sense and personal experience, doesn't carry much weight with UOAs, who set great store by "studies."

It is amusing to think of all the doomsayers of the Sixties and Seventies, some of whom may now live in comfortable retirement on the fortunes they made predicting global disasters that long ago failed to happen on schedule. Let no man who followed Paul Ehrlich and Barry Commoner laugh at Joan Quigley.

But there remain those factors Singer brackets. Though economic development is the tide that lifts all boats, the drive for status and power is a zero-sum game. Ideological, religious, and ethnic interests can all work to suppress the freedoms development requires. Maybe sometimes they should. However, as Singer would agree, that's a subject for a different book. *Passage to a Human World* is content to rebut the cockeyed pessimists. □

PERMANENT PARADOX

Jeffrey Hart

Washington Goes to War, by David Brinkley (Knopf, 304 pp., $18.95)

Flights of Passage, by Samuel Hynes (Frederic C. Beil/Naval Institute, 270 pp., $16.95)

IF WAR is hell, the odd thing is that it seems to be heaven too. What I mean is that war is the most intense thing that happens to some young men. It sharpens their senses, opens them up to intense relationships, calls up courage from their depths, and leaves them with images that seem to grow more crystalline with the years.

And so the young adults of 1940 have their memories, and we have two extraordinary books. David Brinkley, heretofore known as a television commentator, turns out to be a marvelous writer, recalling for us the Washington, D.C., of the war years, the city being transformed from a sleepy Southern town into something like the capital of the cosmos. No one knew how to run a world war, certainly not Franklin Roosevelt. The President did not even know what the initials of

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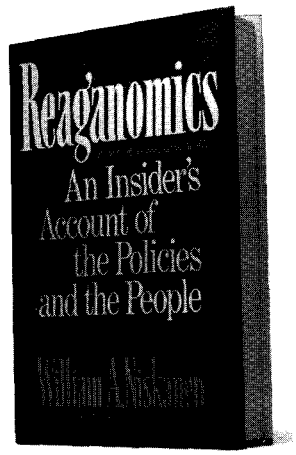
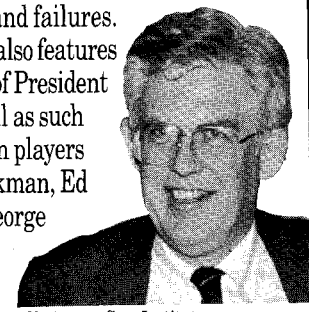


The outspoken former member of the Council of Economic Advisers, now chairman of the Cato Institute, offers an inside view of policymaking in the Reagan administration and a blunt assessment of its successes and failures. *Reaganomics* also features candid views of President Reagan as well as such administration players as David Stockman, Ed Meese, and George Bush.



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the new agencies stood for. When an agency failed to do what it was supposed to, he did not abolish it; he simply erected a parallel agency.

Tens of thousands of women were pouring into Washington to fight the war with typewriters, which were in very short supply. The women also had no place to sleep. The President, fancying himself an amateur architect, drew up plans for a women's barracks, which consisted of a long row of cubicles with a bathroom at the end of the hall, the cubicles separated by partitions that went only part way to the ceiling. The President was gently advised that no one would live like that. He was astounded. That's the way we lived at Groton, he exclaimed.

David Brinkley's prose is a pure pleasure, understated and wry, communicating a sense of absurdity entirely without resentment. "The Japanese carrier fleet was only a few hours away from Pearl Harbor when the new ambassador from the Soviet Union flew in across the Pacific and took

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

SINCE THE 1930s, a pair of related assumptions has been fashionable among American and Western European intellectuals. The first of these is that what Jean-François Revel called the totalitarian temptation is, at least in the short run, irresistible to sensitive, well-educated, and morally scrupulous young people. The second is that all men and women of heart are—or ought to be—socialists in their youth: a proposition logically equivalent to saying that the best Christians are those who had to be converted to the gospel from cannibalism. These assumptions are effectively controverted in *Political Passages: Journeys of Change through Two Decades, 1968-1988* (Free Press, $21.95), edited by John H. Bunzel and comprising apologetic essays by a dozen prominent former socialists, among them Peter Collier and David Horowitz, Julius Lester, Ronald Radosh, Joseph Epstein, Michael Novak, and Mr. Bunzel himself. In addition there is a long introductory piece by the sociologist Edward Shils, who proved immune to the siren-song of radicalism in the Thirties and again in the Sixties. After reading their compelling statements, I hazard a guess that all 12 would admit it is better never to have tasted human flesh than to have done so and repented of it.

On the other hand, none of the conversion experiences described here is Pauline either in its suddenness or in its completeness, nor, in fact, are most of them true conversions: "Conservatism," Horowitz reflects ("Letter to a Political Friend: On Being Totalitarian in America"), "is not the mirror image of radicalism, any more than skepticism is the mirror of faith." Truth has revealed itself in fugitive increments to these people, and to only several of them in its entirety. Peter Collier—the biographer (with David Horowitz) of the Rockefellers, the Kennedys, and the Fords—seems to have traveled the furthest, to the point indeed where he today employs theological language to convey the insights vouchsafed by piecemeal revelation; more typical, however, is the historian Ronald Radosh's cautious statement that, "As the 1980s progress, I find myself somewhere in limbo—chastened about the possibility of what I once thought would be the promise of socialism, but wary of those who believe that the United States has always stood unreservedly for freedom" ("On Hanging Up the Old Red Flag").

Still, a recurrent theme in these essays is the peace that comes with accepting the universe. "Shedding my left-wing views," Joseph Epstein remarks ("A Virtucrat Remembers"), "has left me much happier without, so far as I can see, making anyone else in the world more miserable. . . . Without such false, if not to say wholly imaginary, connections, discoveries, and accusations, the world seems a livelier, a brighter, an altogether more interesting place."

And in "Looking Backward: Memories of the Sixties Left," Peter Collier describes how he came to understand that the radical-socialist view of the created world is fundamentally opposed to it: that, in the words of his literary collaborator, Mr. Horowitz, to the man of the Left, "*Everything human is alien.*" "You know," the senior Collier remarked to his son before he died, "I'm glad I was born a South Dakotan and an American. I'm glad I saw the beginning of the twentieth century. I'm glad I lived through the Depression and the war. I think these things made me a stronger man. I'm glad I came to California because I met your mother there. I'm glad we had you for a son." At which point his son comments: "It was a moment of simple acceptance and affirmation by someone whose life had often been disfigured by unremitting hard work and responsibility and to whom words have never come easily. What he said and how he said it were so different from the bitterness and anger I had lived with for 15 years. . . . My comrades had been given a more comfortable fate than my father and his generation but they hated their lives despite all the talk of 'love.' They had projected that hate onto everything around them." To quote the eloquent Horowitz again: "This is the poisoned well of the radical heart: the displacement of real emotions into political fantasies."

Another theme to recur throughout this book is what Michael Novak ("Errand into the Wilderness") calls "the *will* to be on the Left," which is always greater than the intellectual justification for being there. This will —as several of the contributors make clear—is partly owing to the sin of pride, a conviction of one's election to a state of moral purity from which one glares hatefully upon a vulgar, messy world; for the rest, it reflects a desire for what David Horowitz identifies as "not a new reality for the world, but an old illusion for [oneself and] comfort for [a life] of pain." Certain temperaments, apparently, are more susceptible than others to this form of pride, to this illusion. "It did not take," Professor Shils avers, speaking from his own experience, "any exceptional intelligence, or imagination, or erudition, or strength of character to withstand the totalitarian temptation. One just had to be intelligent and self-respecting enough to withstand prevailing opinions." As for those who, like these 12 writers, failed to withstand the initial test, there is no salvation without empiricism and a restless mind. Fortunately, for them, at least, these were all that proved necessary. □

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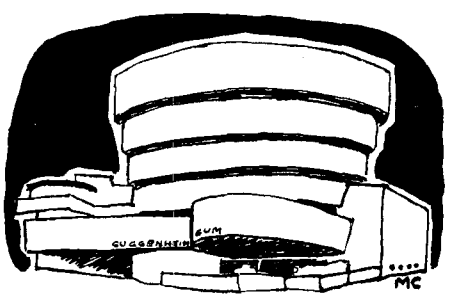
up his duties in the old Pullman mansion on 16th Street—Maxim Litvinov and his English wife, Ivy. He arrived wearing a grey denim suit similar to those issued by prison wardens to highway work gangs." Litvinov's first move in Washington was to get himself a real, tailored suit. "A few days later, when Litvinov called at the White House to present his credentials, Roosevelt's first words to him were, 'You get that suit in Moscow?' "

Samuel Hynes is now an English professor at Princeton, and a distinguished scholar of American literature. His memoir of his experiences as a Marine pilot in the Pacific is extraordinarily moving. Like David Brinkley's, his prose catches the exact mood of World War II. The men who fought that war, as I recall, had no time for Great Causes. They simply had a job to do. There is no sense in Hynes's book that the young pilots knew what the war was "about."

> As time passed and the Japanese expended their experienced pilots and their best planes, they began to send beginners, in anything that would fly. One night we saw, caught in an intersection of searchlights, a biplane, a trainer. . . . Poor bastard, I thought, remembering my own night flights, so scared, so unready for war, and now so dead.
>
> We flew into Saipan on the fifth of April—the day on which, if the battle plan had been working, we would have landed at Okinawa. We knew that storms were battering the Okinawa beaches and delaying the landing of supplies, but there was another kind of delay that we didn't know about. The Japanese were sending suicide planes against the fleet, hundreds of them in those first days, and were sinking ships.
>
> We stood at the bar in the presence of Joe Foss and told each other stories about another fighter pilot, Pappy Boyington. If Foss was the greatest of the Sanes, Pappy was the greatest Crazy. He was one who would fly over a Japanese base on a quiet day and invite opponents up to fight with him.



I have paid a good deal of attention to World War II, but I had never heard of the Japanese Baka Bomb. It was a manned suicide rocket dropped out of the bomb bay of a Japanese bomber. The pilot inside fired his rocket and aimed the vehicle at an American ship. Hynes tried, unsuccessfully, to shoot one down.

This book is so good I was sorry to finish it. The training at Pensacola. The coral atolls. War in the air. The Japanese gunners who shot down a friend of Hynes's and buried him under a marker that said, "To the Brave American Pilots." The lone and forgotten Japanese rifleman on Okinawa, by-passed by the advancing Americans, who pumped out a few shots at soldiers swimming recreationally—and they sort of liked him. The Marines, who did not like MacArthur, and taught Okinawan urchins to yell "MacArthur eats shit" at the American soldiers, the urchins thinking they were asking for cigarettes.

Samuel Hynes's prose is fully adequate to his major subject, the vast and chaotic event we call World War II. Teaching at Princeton can hardly come up to *this*. Combat, as Stephen Crane and Hemingway told us, concentrates the literary intelligence. □

KAFKAESQUE

Jeffrey Meyers

We Dream of Honor: John Berryman's Letters to His Mother, edited by Richard J. Kelly (Norton, 363 pp., $22.50)

John Berryman and the Thirties, by E. M. Halliday (Massachusetts, 240 pp., $25)

JOHN BERRYMAN (1914–72) had a miserable childhood. He suffered from a weak father and a strong, seductive mother, and was haunted by nightmares of his parents' quarrels. To him, Martha Berryman was a monster who had driven her despised husband to suicide when John was 12—"I can't quite *see* my father; I don't *know* him"—and then focused her malign influence on himself. Mrs. Berryman devoured her son, an unwilling sexual substitute for his father, with an overwhelming passion.

This awkwardly titled but sensibly edited volume contains 228 of Berry-

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man's more than seven hundred letters to his mother, written between 1928, when he was a student at South Kent School, and 1971, the year before he leaped to his death from a bridge across the Mississippi. These disappointing little "literary tirades" are filled with triumphs and complaints. They become increasingly fragmented as he rushes toward poetic fame, alcoholism, and mental breakdowns.

Martha Berryman encouraged her son's beliefs that suffering was necessary to produce great art and that the "genius" was free from the constraints of conventional behavior. He always had "a strong sense of impending nightmare" and confidently stated: "I do not expect ever to lack torment." His anguish engendered a style that was pared down to the bone and made the nerves of his readers jump at his command. His younger brother followed the disastrous family tradition with erratic employment, five wives, a horrendous car accident, and an infant son drowned in the bath.

Mrs. Berryman also encouraged John's egoism and self-pity, and competed with him in her ambitious business career. She had most of his vices, but none of his talent. She kept him captive, "grew increasingly possessive, manipulating, and demanding," and preyed on his weak, gloomy character —"a disagreeable compound of arrogance, selfishness, and impatience." He could not "bear to be crushed and obliterated under [her] stopless talking," and their meetings were inevitably harrowing. When they were apart he whined: "I had an abscessed tooth pulled & am exhausted & insomniac but otherwise fairly well"; "I was sweating & shaking very badly, w. great physical weakness, couldn't sleep or eat, tortured by remorse, brooding over my whole life, depressed." After one of their encounters he told her, "[I] tried twice to hang myself the night you left." Compared to Berryman's, Kafka's relationship with his mother was idyllic.

The three best, uncharacteristically impersonal letters vividly describe his youthful meeting with Yeats, his glimpse of the Pope during a Corpus Christi procession in Rome, and the personality of his newborn son. In 1937, two years before his death, Yeats appeared "taller than I thought and large; odd eyes in a great head; very weak now with heart asthma. . . . [He] gave me an impression of tremendous but querulous force, a wandering intensely personal mind." In St. Peter's in 1953, Pius XII "came toward us borne in his chair between aisle-barriers. He waved his palms slowly toward himself, leaning slowly from side to side down over the chair-arms—so Italians wave—while the part of the throng near him shouted. It was all alarmingly informal." In 1957 Berryman's three-month-old son, like the poet himself, was "obstinate, fiercely demanding (& slow to forgive), has strong taste preferences . . . and still spends most of his waking time at visions, off somewhere, which he watches absorbedly."

BERRYMAN'S Columbia College friend E. M. Halliday—who is mentioned in the letters to Berryman's mother and whose friendship with the poet has been recounted in John Haffenden's biography—describes Mrs. Berryman as "a good-looking woman . . . always skillfully made-up, and she wore what impressed me as elegant if slightly bizarre costumes." But he does not mention her devastating impact on her son. Halliday includes excerpts from fifty Berryman letters, several unpublished poems, and many snapshots. Berryman's English fiancée, Beryl Eeman, discreetly disguised by an initial in the *Letters*, is named by Halliday; but he fails to identify Berryman's friend Pedro Donga, who is named in a photo-caption in the *Letters*. Though Berryman's jejune letters are not particularly perceptive, they do describe his friendship with his teacher Mark Van Doren, his earliest attempts at poetry, and the two years he spent at Cambridge University—the happiest of his life.

Halliday's trivial, superficial memoir, written in an excruciating artificial-jocular style, is largely concerned with the abortive gropings of sex-starved male virgins who discussed the mysterious location of the clitoris as if it were the source of the Nile. Berryman, tormented by the running sore of chastity, insisted, "We're going to fall in love with bitches, and we're going to be hurt." Halliday admits to embarrassing sexual mishaps with two willing-to-be-deflowered girls. During his first seduction, his drunken partner fell asleep and later asked if anything had actually happened.

Halliday's attitude toward Berryman moves from hero-worship to severe disillusionment. When the budding poet and Continental sophisticate returned from Cambridge to New York in 1938 he had grown a beard, Anglicized his speech and manner, and seemed like "a high-school actor trying to imitate Noel Coward." Unstable, unreliable, intolerant, contemptuous, arrogant, and treacherous with Halliday's girlfriends and wife, Berryman became severely depressed when unable to find work, began to suffer petit-mal epileptic seizures, and—by the time of his first marriage, in 1942—was well on his way to his doom. □

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE . . .

James Gardner

Painting as an Art, by Richard Wollheim (Princeton, 384 pp., $45)

BECAUSE Richard Wollheim's thesis is a worthy one—that there are universals in art—I had hoped to like this book. The circumstances of its publication—that it consisted of the prestigious Mellon Lectures of 1984; that the Princeton University Press had surpassed itself in the beauty of the book's production—promised an edifying experience in the realm of my favorite subject, old pictures. But after only a few pages, a sense of disappointment set in. For it was clear that the journey would be long and hard, and would only yield something one never really needed or wanted in the first place.

Wollheim is writing about aesthetics. But it is not the kind of aesthetics that rises to a polemical fervor in defense of artistic doctrines that are either triumphantly right or at least deliciously wrong, as with De Sanctis and Tolstoi respectively, nor one that defines art in some new and noble way, as with Schiller and Hegel. Rather, it is that psychological sort of aesthetics which endeavors to tell us what we are doing when we stand in front of a painting. But its insistence upon flaccid philosophy rather than scientific psychology causes it to reject hard-edged exactitude, in favor of airy and immaterial hypotheses.

The two things to which Wollheim says he has been committed through-

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out his life are love of painting and loyalty to socialism. To his credit he has not commingled the two in the present work, and he does not believe that such a synthesis is either necessary or desirable. But at a higher level he does find them conjoined through his faith in the existence of universals and of a common humanity preceding all our aesthetic perceptions. Unfortunately, the universality that he means is not the universality that is important. He does not intend that a great painting is irrefragably great, beyond contingency and cultural bias. He means that, in deciphering content in a painting, we and the Eskimos and the Hottentots go through much the same process.

Now, in the words of the nineteenth-century French sculptor Préault, "Never have two people seen the same painting." Préault meant that the millions of habits and associations that go into making a single human consciousness ensure that no two people will experience a painting in the same way—indeed, that no one will see it in the same way at different moments in his life. What is more important, though, is that, even if no two people see a painting in the same way, there will be some element in it that all or almost all of its viewers will agree upon. This is something that most people who address the question of universality in art never consider: it is wrong to require that universality extend to every element of our experience of a painting, and wrong to reject universality because no two experiences are ever identical. There does indeed exist that hard, perdurable center where the millions of eccentric opinions intersect, and that is the point where the critical, aesthetic, and historical assessment of art can and must live.

That Wollheim should place so much emphasis upon the commonality of perception in the beginning of the book is slightly peculiar, however, since he disproves it in a most spectacular manner in those later chapters (often interesting for their supply of anecdotes) in which he interprets the paintings of Picasso, Poussin, Ingres, and Manet. Here I find myself disagreeing with almost everything he says: because Wollheim is ultimately less interested in defending older values than he thinks he is, and because his manner of interpreting paintings is entirely contemporary rather than universal.

He says: "Connoisseurship . . . still seems to me the best hope for the objective study of painting." But nowhere does he exhibit any real interest in the formal elements of that art. He claims to disapprove of Marxism's incessant politicizing, but his willful intrusions of psycho-history and undisciplined Freudianism constitute much the same thing from a position diametrically opposite. Wollheim claims to detest structuralists and deconstructionists, but he has more in common with them than he knows: he treats paintings as essentially conveyors of meanings, and he wants to study the mechanics of the conveyance. Here, as elsewhere, he escapes association with any of the various orthodoxies of our day by espousing their essence while disowning the more punctilious application of their methods.

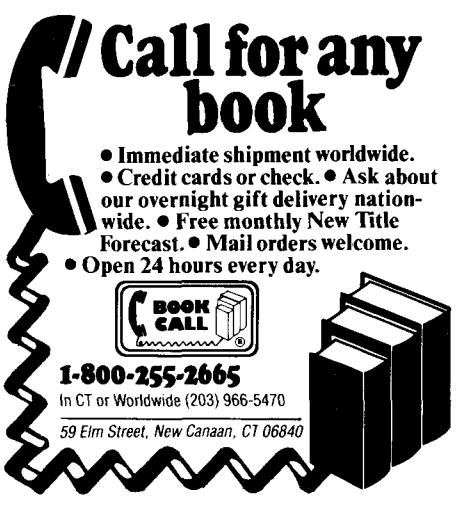
Consider the following sentence: "But, as with Titian, corporeality once attained, changes can be rung on it to accommodate the subtle inflections that life induces in the conception of the body under which painting then metaphorizes it." This is vintage Wollheim syntax. But my point is not that Wollheim's syntax is bad; what interests me, in the context of the book's discussion, is precisely *how* it is bad. For Wollheim believes that the viewer understands a painting through a process similar to that whereby the artist created the painting, and I imagine that the same principle could be extended to the other arts—for example, to the writing of prose. But art is not like talking to oneself: it is meant to mean something to somebody else. The difference is categorical. An actor does not merely move about and speak on stage as he would in his own living room. He abstracts his normal behavior, dissects it, and completely falsifies it, so that when it reaches the last row it will seem completely natural and unaffected. Good prose forces the reader to read it in only one way; it politely leads him along at every step, leaving nothing to chance. Wollheim's syntax, by contrast, is always going in a thousand different directions at the same time, and he cannot see this. Because he hears his sentences precisely as he wishes them to be heard, he cannot imagine that they could be read differently by anyone else. There is a singular congruence between this fact and his misunderstanding of how paintings come into being, and how they are then received. □

DELECTATIONS

TEAS OF YESTERYEAR

Nika Hazelton

FRIENDS, LET ME tell you that, when it comes to tea, the class system in England is as alive and well as it was in the days of Edward VII, eighty years ago. If you are truly upper class, you pour your tea into your cup before adding milk. (The Brits like their tea with milk; cream, lemon, and even sugar have never been popular in England.) The lower classes, on the other hand, put their milk and sugar, if any, into their cups first, and add the tea next. (For the life of me, I have never figured out how you can tell how much milk to add to your tea if you don't see the color of the tea first.)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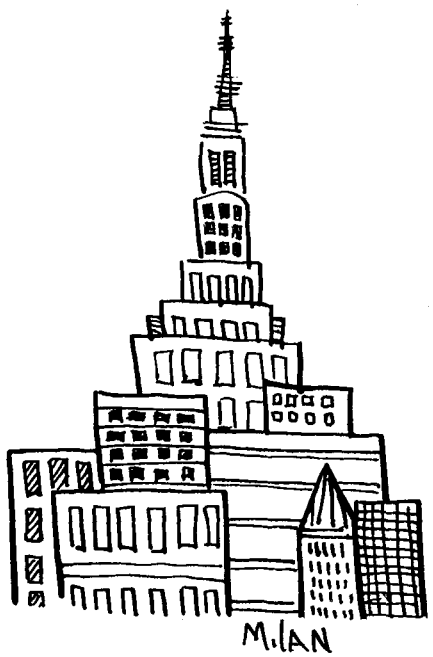
Teashops no longer exist in London, to the sorrow of those in search of non-alcoholic refreshments. Servants too have vanished from the English scene, and with them a very civilized tradition—early-morning tea. In the days before cradle-to-grave socialism and its attendant egalitarianism, one was awakened by a housemaid tiptoeing into one's bedroom and depositing on the bedside table a small tray with a small teapot, a little milk, a cup, and a plate with a slice of bread and butter or two crackers. The housemaid would also pull back the curtains and in cold weather lay a fire in the fireplace; if the weather was not nice, the maid would even light the fire for you. The joy of such awakenings! By and by one gathered enough strength to face an enormous breakfast downstairs a couple of hours later. However, I am happy to report that today, in houses where the host gets up early, he will himself bring a cup of tea to your bedside, though he won't draw the curtains or lay a fire.

In Great Britain, tea is consumed day and night. It can be a "cuppa," proffered with a sprightly, "Drink this, luv" or, "I'll make you a nice cup of tea, the kettle is on the boil." In any case, a cup of tea, usually very strong and black, heals all wounds. It is the great restorative.

Tea is also a meal—afternoon tea, for example, also known as drawing-room tea, since the dining-room table was laid for tea only when there were visiting children around. Afternoon tea bridged the horrid, foodless hours between lunch at one and dinner at eight; until upper-class women started working, it was at afternoon tea that they entertained each other. The hostess would serve from a (preferably) silver tray, which held, besides the teapot, a slop basin (to hold the dregs of one's cup when a new cup had been asked for), a kettle on a stand with a flame underneath to keep the water boiling, a milk jug, and a sugar basin, as well as stacked cups, saucers, and teaspoons. In really nice houses, the tea equipage was made of solid silver and the cups were very thin Spode china. An old-fashioned hostess might give you a choice of black or green tea. A tea caddy held the different teas in separate compartments.

The air was filled with murmured little questions ("You *do* take two lumps [of sugar] don't you?" Or



"Would you like a little more milk?"). Sandwiches of extremely thin white and brown bread, cut into crustless fingers, buttered, and filled with cucumber, meatpaste, potted shrimps, or anchovies, were handed around by the men or the youngest guests. Buttered white and brown toast, in a silver toast holder (my toast holder now holds my writing paper), served with Tiptree's Wild Strawberry Jam, had to be eaten, along with the sandwiches, before the cake. The cakes came on a tiered cake stand and they invariably included a seed cake (hated by every child), a fruit cake, a sponge cake, and, if the household was lavish, a flat chocolate cake known as a "gâteau" (pronounced "gatter"). Formal teas are, alas, no longer the norm . . . *eheu! fugaces*, is all I can say.

Nursery teas were spartan, with Nanny allowing each child plain bread and butter, followed, when the occasion demanded it, by a sweet bun or a biscuit. School teas, as I remember them, were equally spartan. We could have all the bread and butter, or all the bread and jam, we wanted. But bread *and* butter *and* jam together were *verboten*—that would have been greedy, which one must never be. Office teas, invariably served by a secretary or an office boy at 4 P.M., consisted of tea and biscuits. The same fare was served to you, in your seat, at theater intervals, a practice unique to England, so far as I know.

High tea, at 6 P.M., served at a properly laid table, was not an upper-class custom at all, and it should have been known as supper. High tea included cold meat, potted fish, a salad of plain lettuce cut into wedges, perhaps a plate of sliced tomatoes, and a nice bit of yellow cheese, all washed down by scalding black tea, followed by cake and biscuits. I think high tea perfectly horrible: the foods are inappropriate for the hour. The only time I could eat a high tea was after walking all day on the Yorkshire moors and then turning in at a farm house with a big sign in the window saying TEA.

In my youth, tea at the London Ritz's Palm Court was the great treat. It was a formal affair, and if you were not suitably dressed, you would be turned away. As I remember, the sandwiches were the thinnest ever and cut into crustless diamonds and triangles. Diamond-shaped sandwiches were filled with potted meat, triangular ones with jam. Here, too, you ate your sandwiches before going on to creamy cakes and petits fours glazed with pink or white fondant. You had your choice of tea: black Assam, Oolong, Earl Grey, etc., etc., or green China tea, which does not resemble in the least what one gets in American Chinese restaurants.

The infamous tea bag has come to England, but, I am happy to say, it finds its way not into a cup, as it would here, but into a teapot, where it is covered with barely boiling water. *"Où sont les neiges d'antan?"*—or, in this case, where are the tea leaves of yesteryear? *Sic transit gloria.* □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Japanese: Everyday Life in the Empire of the Rising Sun, by Jean-Claude Courdy (Harper & Row, 269 pp., $22.95)

ANYBODY WHO thinks the Japanese are "folks just like us" really should read this book. "Folks," yes; but "just like us," definitely not—nor like any other people in the world. In this chatty, yet erudite, account, Courdy (who lived in Tokyo for seven years as head of the French Radio Television Bureau there) acts as a conduit for the Japanese experience, sprinkling it with personal anecdotes, historical essays, and interesting oddments. Each little piece tells its own story; taken

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together, they make a mosaic that gives a clear picture of an extremely complicated society. Such an approach allows Courdy to touch lightly on any number of topics—such as the maddening fascination of the language, the still-unreconstructed social structure, and the Japanese way of doing business. He also does an excellent job of explaining many of those uniquely Japanese terms—such as *ringi* and *on* —which need several sentences to translate them completely, but which, once you understand them, give a clue to many things Japanese that you had previously found obscure and baffling.

JACK D. KIRWAN

Reading America: Essays on American Literature, by Denis Donoghue (Knopf, 320 pp., $22.95)

THE BRILLIANT Irish critic Denis Donoghue writes densely, but seldom turgidly. He does risk turgidity, however, in the lead-off essay for this collection. "America in Theory" is particularly odious as a demonstration of good Irish wit in thrall to mere pedantry. Donoghue more than half knows it himself, and quickly gets on with the main job of providing some well-focused sketches of such American luminaries as Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Henry Adams, James, Eliot, Stevens, and Lionel Trilling. That's approximately the first half of the book, the second being a collection of 17 book reviews (on Moore, Crane, Lowell, Plath, Ashbery, et al.), which, on the whole, are more humane and accessible than the decalogue of formal essays on the acknowledged Masters of Amer. Lit. At least Donoghue is correct in recognizing the guru Emerson as the key to it all, but he fails to make the most of it. Few have ever recognized the most salient and astonishing fact about our literature: that these United States, this most powerful inheritor of civilization in the Western world, have not managed to produce a single major Christian writer—excepting, of course, T. S. Eliot—who can stand with the greatest figures of European culture. We can pinpoint the day and occasion when Emerson ceased to be even a nominal Christian. And though Whitman, Thoreau, and Dickinson drew heavily and even richly from Biblical sources, they were not Christian in the sense in which we are ordinarily compelled to use the term. Our most authentic American writer, Mark Twain, was in fact bitterly anti-Christian and generally irreligious. We are misreading America, indeed, unless we acknowledge this.

THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

Hannibal's Footsteps, by Bernard Levin (Crown, 180 pp., $19.95)

HANNIBAL slaughtered sixty thousand Romans at Cannae in 216 B.C., and defeated Scipio the Elder at the Ticino River and Gaius Flaminius at Lake Trasimeno, where the earth quaked. But for those of us with little Latin and less Greek, the Carthaginian general may be known only for an improbable march across the Alps with elephants. This is a trip that has been retraced countless times (by Napoleon, among others) since Polybius first followed in Hannibal's footsteps around 160 B.C. The latest in the series is the British journalist Bernard Levin. Levin is at his best when he goes off the subject. From the literal sidetrip to sample Jacques Pic's three-star cuisine at Valence, to the more rhetorical digressions on Giscard d'Estaing's questionable taste in choosing Bokassa for a shooting partner, or the true extent of French resistance during World War II, it's the asides that make the book. But Levin does not quite make the transition from outer journey to inner. His book is spread too thin—not enough on the French through whose countryside he walked, not enough on his reasons for making the trip (which seem to have to do with aging and wanting to have no regrets), not enough on Hannibal himself, who should haunt this book, and who instead seems at times almost extraneous to it.

KATHERINE DALTON

CAPITAL BULLETINS

(Continued from page 33)

step further, Swindall sponsored the amendments, which 1) require the State Department to record the amount and type of U.S. foreign aid UN members receive, alongside the percentage of their votes that agree with the U.S.; and 2) place a 25-mile travel restriction (already in force against Soviet UN diplomats) on all those who work for UN-affiliated international organizations and whose home governments engage in hostile intelligence activities in the U.S.

According to Allen Taylor, Swindall's legislative aide on the UN, the State Department's 1988 report on the UN tossed in a few foreign-aid figures to comply with the letter of the law, but it failed to comply with the obvious congressional intent—which was to establish the relationship between anti-U.S. rhetoric and the level of U.S. aid received, by including complete foreign-aid and voting figures, side by side.

Barry Gidley, a Hill liaison at State, denies that the State Department is ignoring the law. He says that if the department had "to go back and collect the information there wouldn't be any report by now, let alone the fact that the report took a while anyway." Gidley says a State Department counsel met with the relevant people on the Hill, and they agreed that "it would be impossible to meet the deadline." If that were true, the counsel would have had to meet with Peggy Galey, a Democratic staffer on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, but she doesn't recall any such meeting. Gidley promises they'll have everything straightened out next year.

If State has not done much about the UN-reporting requirement, neither is it enforcing the travel restrictions. The department pleads extenuating circumstances. A spokesman for the Office of Foreign Missions, which is to enforce the restrictions, claimed State couldn't comply because it was "logistically impossible." Some at State claim the department doesn't even have a complete list of international organizations operating in the U.S., and may not have addresses for those it does know about. "We know the addresses enough to get them our checks," responds Alan Keyes, former Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs.

"There is no excuse for not acting immediately," Keyes continues. Even if State didn't have time to track down all the information, he points out, it should at least have evidence of an *attempt* to comply—letters requesting the necessary information, for example.

Congressman Swindall goes further: "It wouldn't have been impossible if they'd begun working on it immediately. Whether it's bureaucratic inertia or [willfully] not enforcing the law, the law is not being enforced."

—R. CORT KIRKWOOD

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BUSH BUSHWHACKED

NEW YORK, MAY 25

EVERYONE KNOWS—and this includes Senator Christopher Dodd, which means truly everyone—that as a political matter George Bush has got to do something that is out of step with what Ronald Reagan does. What causes one to weep is his choice of a deal with Noriega as the parting point between the President and the presidential-nominee-elect.

Last week, Mr. Bush said that he did not believe in bargaining with drug-dealers, whether on American or on foreign soil. That has got to be the most fatuous statement on foreign policy since yesterday's speech by Jesse Jackson, wherever it was, whatever he said.

It presupposes that the moral consideration is or should be the controlling point in foreign policy. If Mr. Bush is going to bear down on the moral point, why doesn't he come out against Ronald Reagan's bargaining with Gorbachev, on the grounds that Bush does not believe in bargaining with the head of any government that practices genocide, suppresses free speech and the practice of religion, sends political dissidents to Siberia, sends weapons to anti-democratic forces throughout the world, and has 12,000 nuclear warheads aimed at places like Detroit. No, if one wants to hang on to the moral point, one is left saying: The United States should not bargain with drug-dealers unless they possess a nuclear bomb. But to dilute the moral statement by empirical hedges invites the analyst to consider whether there are other factors than the possession of a nuclear weapon that define critical American interests. The answer to that is obviously, Yes; and peace and quiet in the area surrounding the Panama Canal is one of them. And maintaining that peace and quiet, reasons Ronald Reagan, is worth quashing a couple of Florida indictments which are in any case purely of hypothetical value, since General Noriega would not, en route to Spain or Saudi Arabia or wherever, plan to stop in Tampa.

Now the principal Democrats, for obvious political reasons, are saying the usual things about the iniquity of Mr. Reagan's proposal to Noriega. But not all of them. Hear this: Christopher Dodd, whose prescriptions for Central America are the best example of diplomatic misjudgment since the Versailles Conference, was quoted on television as flatly approving the proposed deal. Whether this will get him ostracized by the monks surrounding Dukakis-Jackson one cannot tell, but it is refreshing to hear from a top Democrat that it is entirely possible to a) disapprove of drugs as fervently as Mary Baker Eddy and b) approve a possible deal of mutual interest with a drug-runner.

According to the papers, James Baker, Secretary of the Treasury, took the same position Mr. Bush has taken in arguing with the President, urging him to repudiate his opening to Noriega; while George Shultz renewed his approval of dealing with Noriega. Meanwhile, the State Department's Michael Kozak buzzes in and out of Panama City never quite knowing whether his mandate is in jeopardy. And while all of this is going on, the leaders of the Caribbean nations join in protesting interference with General Noriega on the quaint grounds that any ousting of Noriega is the business of the Panamanian people, not of the United States. These are the same heads of state that approved Mr. Reagan's sending of the Marines to Grenada.

George Bush will need to come up with something else. One must assume that when the three men—Bush, Baker, Shultz—were in the Oval Office arguing with the President, not one word about the morality of the matter was actually spoken. Politics was almost surely on the table. It is interesting to speculate on what would be the public reaction to Bush's pledge to rescind the ABM Treaty if elected—so that we could get on with the necessary testing to advance SDI. Howls of mortal pain from the Democrats ("How can Bush bargain with apocalypse?"). But framed in the proper way, the issue is: Should the United States take measures to try to protect itself against that first strike which the Soviet Union can plausibly threaten once its own SDI is in operation? To take such measures doesn't mean we need to discourage *glasnost* and *perestroika*, far from it. If the Soviet Union gets around to disarming its offensive potential, we should be ready for that happy development. If the Soviet Union does not get around to this, we should also be ready. □

REGAN'S SPOOKY REVELATIONS

NEW YORK, MAY 23

ON THE question, Should Donald Regan have written what he did? you hear the orthodox negatives. On the other side, it is held that information of such general relevance to the public about their Chief Executive and Commander-in-Chief oughtn't to be denied to us. One can understand the second position and still feel disgust over the conduct of Donald Regan.

If the imputed dependence of Ronald Reagan on a horoscope were true, then Regan, immediately on finding out about it, should have taken his complaint directly to the President, and, failing to get satisfaction, directly to the American people.

He didn't do that. Instead he waited and wrote a book, about astrology and other matters. He tells us that he wrote the book in order to tell "my" story. But the story having been told, in a book competently merchandised by an aggressive publisher, Donald Regan can't let it go at that. He appears, additionally, on all the talk shows to plug his book. At this (judging from one example), he isn't particularly good, which strengthens the impression that he is doing something that vaguely disturbs him. Donald Regan was as awful as is appropriate to an author handling hot but disreputable goods when he appeared on the *Donahue Show*. Flirting coyly with the role of devil's advocate, Donahue reminded Regan that there were lots of historical figures who paid attention to their horoscopes, including Churchill and de Gaulle and Mrs. Lincoln. What is the difference, Donahue

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wanted to know, between consulting one's horoscope, and crossing oneself? The ladies laughed at this. Regan sat there looking as dumb as Donahue's observation. The sign of the Cross is a sign of allegiance to the God worshipped in this century by the Pope, Reinhold Niebuhr, and T. S. Eliot, to mention only three Christians who routinely invoked the Lord's blessings, as Donald Regan should certainly have done before appearing on the *Donahue Show*.

Regan felt that he was badly treated by Ronald Reagan, for whom he insists he continues to feel admiration. Searching for an extra-commercial motive for the publication of Regan's book (Regan is donating the proceeds to charity), Donahue hit on the explanation that Regan was reflecting the fury he felt as a boy when his father, a police officer, was fired by Calvin Coolidge for refusing to cross a picket line in 1919. Nobody Fires Me and Gets Away with It, was Donahue's suggested motivation. George Reedy, on the *MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour*, said that in his experience, people were loyal to Presidents "who had earned their loyalty." Both explanations, the first a venture in psycho-history, the second an affirmation of poetic justice, are abstractions. Michael Deaver was treated by the Reagans as an adopted son, and soon after leaving the White House he repaid their loyalty by a) breaking the law, and b) writing a book suggesting that the President is the creature of a Left-minded virago. . . . No, Regan wrote the book for a number of reasons, certainly including the hostility he felt for Mrs. Reagan. To have written the book might have been a psychological compulsion. To tolerate, and by tolerating encourage, the view of Reagan's White House as the creature of some San Francisco dame who watches the stars is ultimately to disserve not only the target of the book, but the book's author.

The situation is of course a comedian's field day, and I rather admire, professionally, Speaker Jim Wright's crack that he was glad to learn that the President was consulting *somebody*. In fact, no report on the book (I have not read it) goes further than to say that Mrs. Reagan is superstitious and that her husband, in order to humor her, indulges her predilections for determining on which day to travel. It is said that their new house in Los Angeles has been renumbered. It used to be "666," which is evidently the devil's code-number. It is now "668." That is as surprising as it is to enter hotels or office buildings in which floor 13 is missing. Because the architects are superstitious? Perhaps. But we are told that many Americans will not rent a room or an office on the 13th floor.

The union of Ronald Reagan and his wife is one of the wonders of this centrifugal age, and if the horoscope is the whisky they drink, we should put a food stamp on it and distribute it everywhere. They have both been humiliated by revelations of her dependence on superstition, superstition being scientifically infra dig. But no bead has been drawn on Reagan's policies on this account. Which reminds me. Could it be that the INF Treaty the President has submitted to the Senate is numbered Senate Treaty Resolution #666? □

PEPSI AT THE SUMMIT

NEW YORK, MAY 27

BECAUSE I am a journalist, I have here in front of me a pretty little white shopping bag on which is printed, in red and blue letters, first STOLICHNAYA, then PEPSI, and then MOSCOW SUMMIT, 1988. A packet of printed matter begins with "Dear Editor or Reporter: A hopeful sidebar to the Moscow Summit meeting will be improved trade relations between the United States and the Soviet Union." And then the gifts: one Stolichnaya T-shirt, marked MOSCOW SUMMIT, 1988, one street map of Moscow, one can of Pepsi, and one two-jigger bottle of Stolichnaya vodka. The packet includes a "news release" from Hill & Knowlton, public-relations counselors to Pepsi. The heading is, "Moscow Summit leaders might draw inspiration from beverage accord."

It's the last word that does it. Plenty of people get inspiration from drinking vodka. In Russia, its consumption is the principal form of escape from what another journalist, Henry Kamm of the *New York Times*, called a few years ago "the greatest assault on the human spirit ever mounted," namely Soviet Communism. But the word "accord" bounces happily about in the material sent out to us journalists, in the dithyrambic literature of the Pepsi-Cola company celebrating Soviet-American trade relations.

We get a printed chronology of the great way stations of Pepsi's cultivation of Soviet trade. It begins, "1959—Donald M. Kendall, president of Pepsi-Cola International, arranges for a Pepsi exhibit at the American national exhibition in Moscow. U.S. Vice President Richard M. Nixon and Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev visit the exhibit, and photos of Khrushchev drinking Pepsi are carried by papers around the world."

There are 17 chronological entries carrying through developments in 1988. We are told how the Great Deal was consummated: the Pepsi people can sell Pepsi in the Soviet Union, and in return they import Russian Stolichnaya vodka and sell it in the United States. As of 1988, one billion Pepsis per year are sold in the Soviet Union, and 676,000 cases of Stolichnaya sold to Americans.

The landmark year, the literature informs us, was 1972. That was when the deal was made. "President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev might consider having bottles of Stolichnaya and Pepsi-Cola on display at the Moscow Summit meeting to remind them of the fact that the two countries have been cooperating successfully for many years."

It quite evidently never occurred to Hill & Knowlton that if Gorbachev and Reagan do drink a Pepsi and slug down a Stolichnaya, exactly nothing will be symbolically different from when Nixon and Khrushchev did the identical thing back in 1959. Nor did it occur to the Pepsi people that the other deal signed in 1972 is called SALT I, which was designed to contract the number of nuclear missiles the Soviet Union has sitting there aimed at the American people. As the sales of Pepsi mounted, so did the creation of nuclear missiles. Eighty per cent of existing missiles in the Soviet Union were manufactured since 1972.

One wonders whether Mr. Kendall, who doesn't like to miss commercial possibilities, has put in for Pepsi concessions in Gulag. Now, it is assumed that this is nowadays an insignificant market, but Michael Makarenko has recently released a report the startling conclusions of which are that there is more forced labor in the Soviet Union today than there was under Brezhnev.

WHO'S HE? Makarenko is a founding father of Resistance International in the U.S. (P.O. Box 70265 S.W., Washington, D.C. 20024), and ever since he himself left Gulag (eight years there, for political dissent) he has studied, using Soviet data, the population of the Gulag world. It was down, under Khrushchev, to a mere three million. But it rose, under Brezhnev, to 9.4 million. It would surprise the Pepsi people that the figure, if Makarenko is right, is higher now—for one very good reason. It is that Russian labor—we are talking about millions of people—is needed in parts of the Soviet Union where no free man would consent to live. It is for that reason that "parasites" and "hooligans" are shipped by the hundreds of thousands to Siberia to mine the coal, hack down the lumber, and drill the oil and gas on which the Soviet economy depends, among other things to make it possible to buy one billion shots of Pepsi every year.

Ah, but obviously the public-relations people figure it's better for the bottom line to go this way, and who knows?—maybe under *perestroika* the Gulag people will receive free Pepsis down the line. One wonders whether Hill & Knowlton would take an account for Pepsi if it decided to crank up the same *Gemütlichkeit* with South Africa? The problem is academic for those of us who pause for refreshment with Coca-Cola. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Latest Russian public-relations export — 40 94 58 151 189 111 69 13 (GLASNOST)

B. Mackintosh — 110 146 48 186 130 24 7 79 (KAINCAT)

C. Konigsberg was its capital (2 words) — 137 118 158 169 112 64 92 90 168 15 / 52

D. Magical — 88 16 115 72 33 2 172 63 131

E. Simpleton — 150 45 135 10 153 65 98 166 38 85

F. Aptly named meal — 143 124 4 78 119 154 28 60 47

G. Ascetic — 194 141 42 163 104 80

H. City in southwestern California — 67 185 160 50 37 116 107 105 18

I. Boisterous laugh — 147 39 155 133 121 100 (GUFFAW)

J. Humorous Irish county? — 23 191 84 134 55 142 77 34

K. Like our federal budget — 83 62 180 97 162 11 188 25 170 43

L. This kind of strike usually stinks — 128 164 182 56 103 6 95

M. Faultless — 159 49 71 176 19 93 5 30 193 120

N. Swiss export — 190 36 99 175 1 51 181 17 139

O. Way — 117 161 113 41 70 184

P. Always the winner — 86 167 108 156 14 126 54 174 (LNBEATEN)

Q. One type of family member — 46 123 61 178 3 20 149 144 81

R. Rib — 87 127 148 74 32

S. One form of justice — 179 22 68 152 114 82

T. Animal-borne disease — 12 96 192 76 132 53

U. Forceful — 109 59 165 44 140 75 8 27

V. Rendition — 187 57 31 122 73 173 21

W. Noted Mideast terrorist — 177 89 125 138 171 35

X. Concludes — 26 91 106 183 102 136

Y. Very much *like Leo* — 29 145 66 157 129 9 101

1 N	2 D	3 Q	4 F		5 M	6 L	7 B	8 U	9 Y		10 E	11 K	12 T	13 A	14 P	15 C	16 D		17 N	18 H
19 M	20 Q	21 V	22 S	23 J	24 B	25 K	26 X	27 U	28 F	29 Y		30 M	31 V	32 R	33 D	34 J	35 W	36 N	37 H	38 E
39 I	40 A	41 O	42 G		43 K	44 U	45 E	46 Q		47 F	48 B	49 M	50 H		51 N	52 C	53 T	54 P	55 J	
56 L	57 V	58 A	59 U	60 F		61 Q	62 K	63 D	64 C		65 E	66 Y	67 H	68 S		69 A	70 O	71 M	72 D	73 V
74 R	75 U	76 T	77 J	78 F	79 B	80 G	81 Q		82 S	83 K	84 J	85 E	86 P	87 R	88 D	89 W	90 C		91 X	92 C
93 M	94 A	95 L	96 T	97 K		98 E	99 N	100I	101Y	102X		103L	104G	105H		106X	107H	108P	109U	110B
	111A	112C	113O	114S	115D	116H		117O	118C	119F	120M		121I		122V	123Q	124F	125W	126P	127R
128L	129Y	130B		131D	132T	133I	134J	135E	136X	137C		138W	139N	140U	141G	142J	143F	144Q	145Y	
146B	147I	148R	149Q	150E	151A	152S		153E	154F	155J	156P	157Y	158C	159M	160H	161O		162K	163G	164L
165U	166E	167P	168C		169C	170K	171W	172D		173V	174P	175N	176M		177W	178Q	179S	180K	181N	182L
183X	184O		185H	186B	187V	188K	189A	190N	191J	192T	193M	194G								

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 54 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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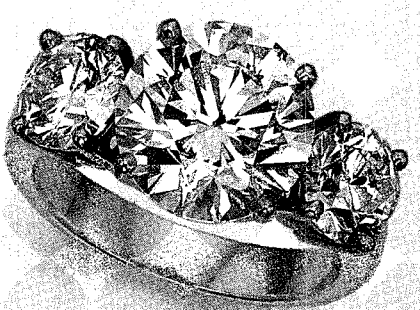

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